FEB. 8,
1936

Liberty

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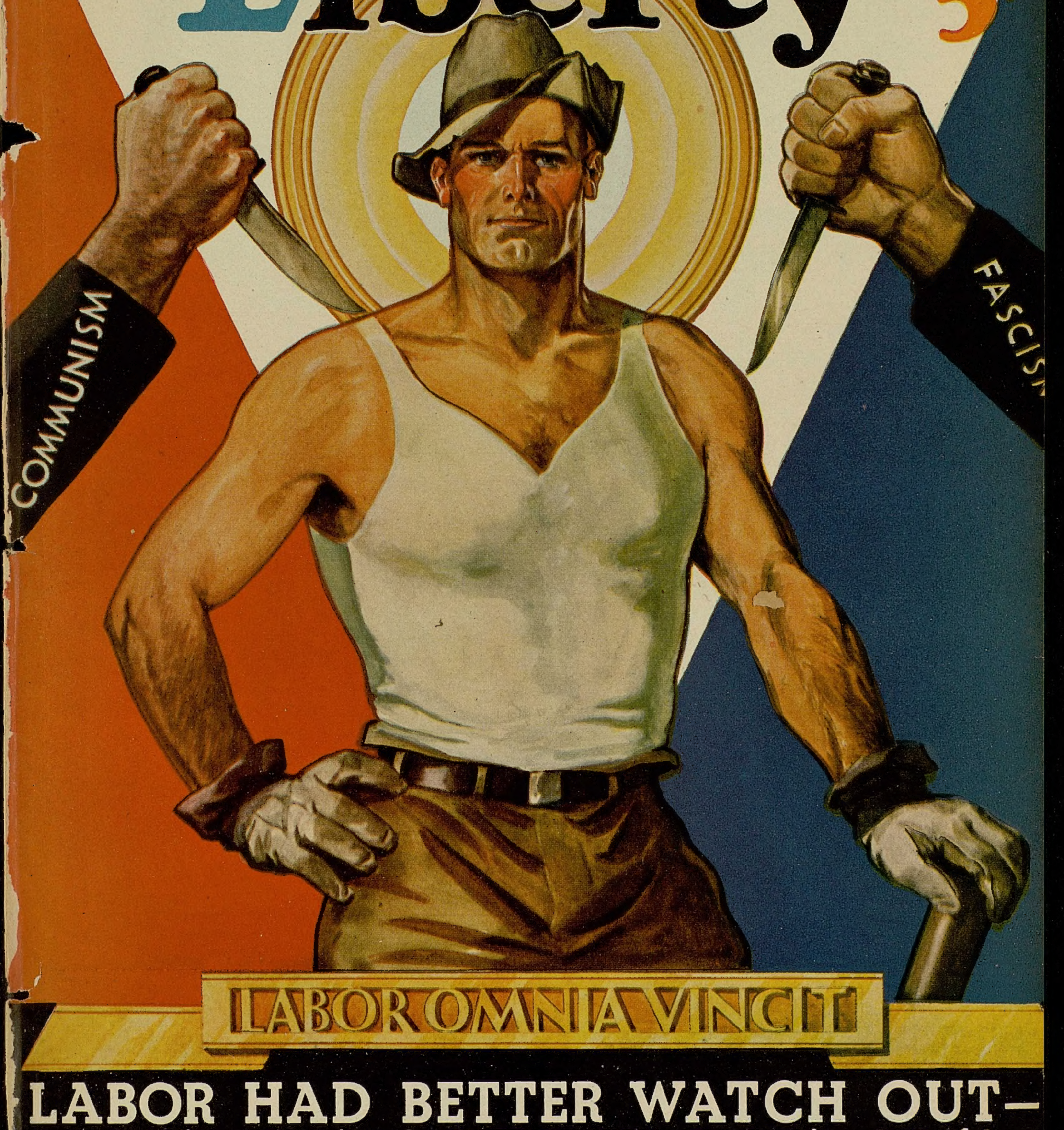
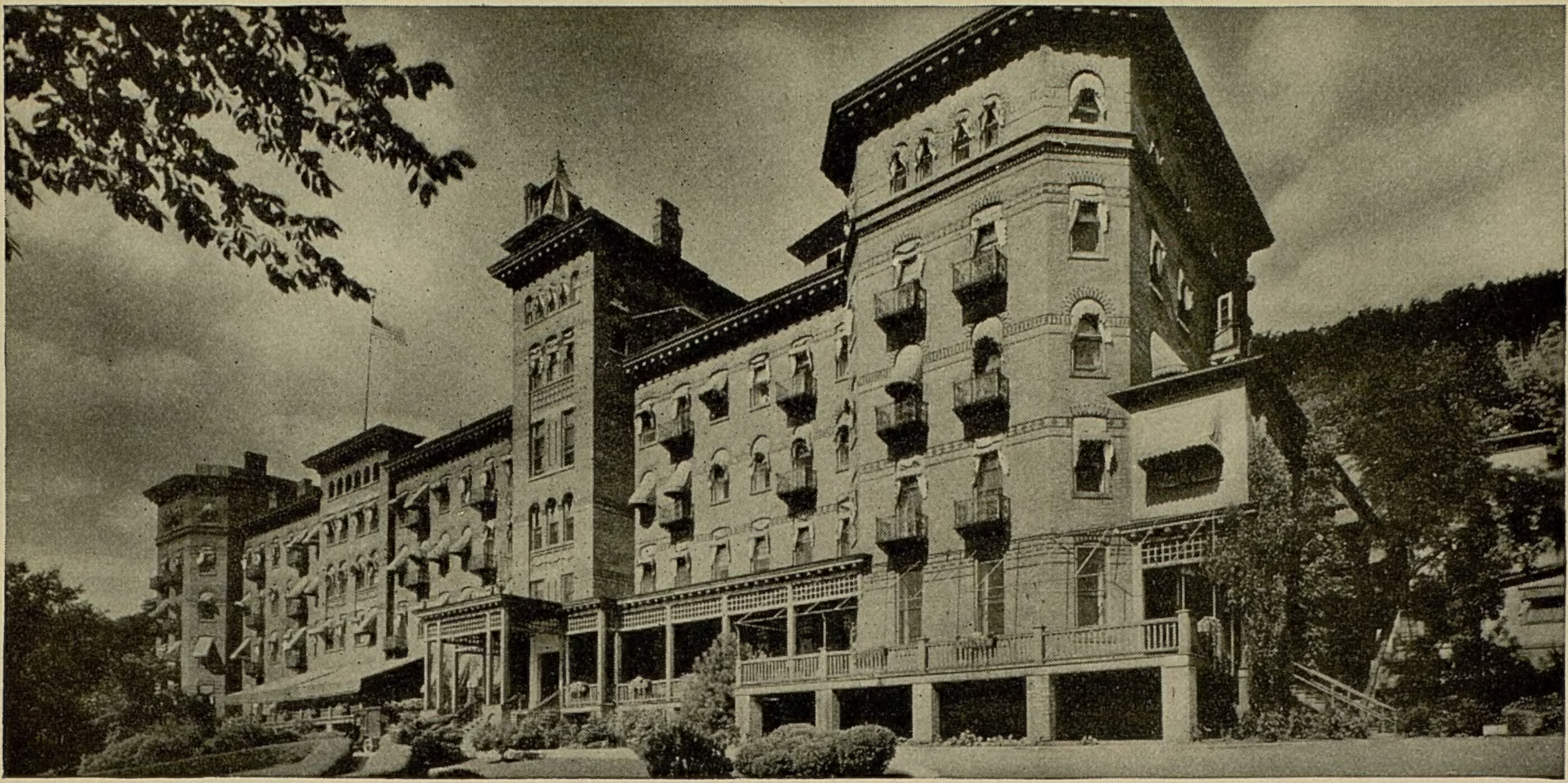

COMMUNISM
FASCISM
LABOR OMNIA VINCIT

LABOR HAD BETTER WATCH OUT—

or It Will Lose Everything, by MATTHEW WOLL, Vice-President A. F. of L.

What Is Behind the Minneapolis Murders—Written on the Spot by Will Irwin

JAFSIE and the Sleeping Suit



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The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Thomas Dixon, Famous Author Says Regarding Physical Culture Hotel,

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THOMAS DIXON.

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FEBRUARY 8, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 6

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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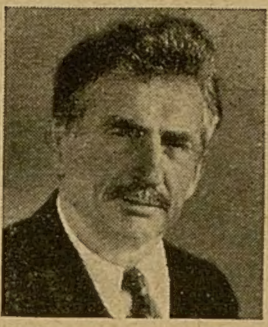
Individualism, Rugged and Otherwise



BERNARR MACFADDEN

WE have heard considerable criticism from government officials in high places of what they term "rugged individualism." They often refer to men of this type with scant respect.

Where a man's individual characteristics are of such a nature that he thinks only of himself, with no thought whatsoever of the welfare of society at large, he doubtless could be justly censured.

But any one who definitely guides his own career, who forms his own ideas as to the various phases of life, who goes ahead with determination to carry out his plan of life, could aptly be called an individualist.

Until the recent past, individualism has been encouraged and commended in this country. It is this particular faculty that has given us our great business leaders, that has made us the world's greatest nation commercially and financially.

To every one of our youthful citizens, when they begin to taste the realities of life, when they have to carve out a career for themselves, comes the realization that they are masters of their own fate, that they can make their own selection as to their future plans. They can be bricklayers, carpenters, bankers, lawyers, or doctors—select their own life occupation. They have a free choice.

And that particular privilege is not given to the citizens of many European countries. Under the Fascist or Communistic regime individualism is out of place. The citizens of those governments have to obey orders. In many cases they have no choice. If they do not like their job they have to learn to like it.

Here we have the genius of the world. You can go over the list of great inventions and practically all of them have either been created or at least promoted in the United States. Here youthful dreams have a chance to flourish. Men are not benumbed or destroyed altogether by hard grinding labor. And if one finds himself in a situation where he is held down on a job that he dislikes, during his leisure time he can be preparing himself for an occupation that is more pleasing in character.

You have to love your work to bring out the best there is in you. Psychologists tell us that about ten or twenty per cent of the available talent is never awakened in the average individual, that these invaluable powers lie sleeping all through life.

When one is following an occupation that he loves it can literally be turned into a game. Then one's latent forces are aroused and awakened. Genius, after all, is little more than capacity for hard work.

We read of authors, artists, starving in garrets. The suffering and privation they have had to endure finally brings out the genius that lies sleeping in their souls.

Without the individual privilege of selecting your own career, of guiding your own life, you become just one of a regiment of hard workers; you are just a small cog in the machinery of life.

But as an individualist you can search for the work that stirs your enthusiasm to a white heat. Then life becomes a wonderful game. Every day you are playing. It doesn't seem like work. It isn't work. It is just a delightful pastime that stirs you with deep fervid interest.

It is under such circumstances that one acquires talents that seem to link one with the Divinity.

"The land of the free and the home of the brave" had a world of meaning in years gone by, and whatever deviations we make in our form of government, let us hold on grimly to the individualism that enables us to carve out our own careers as dictated by conscience and intelligence. To be free men is truly a divine privilege.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Nassau's most Charming Hostess

The Honorable Lady Clifford

Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

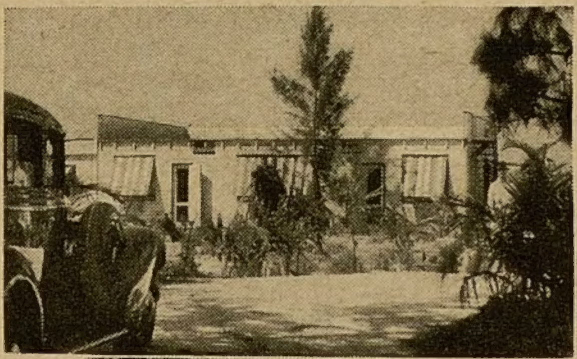
Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleansing and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

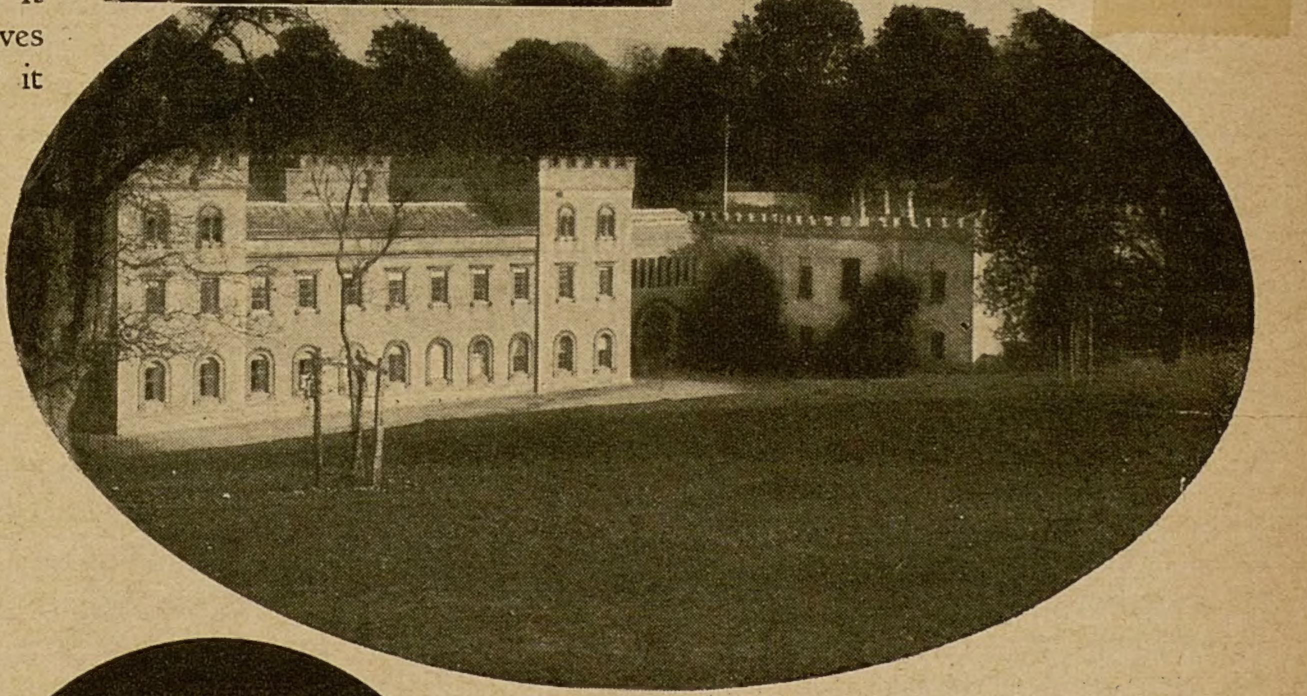
See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans . . . how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your druggist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

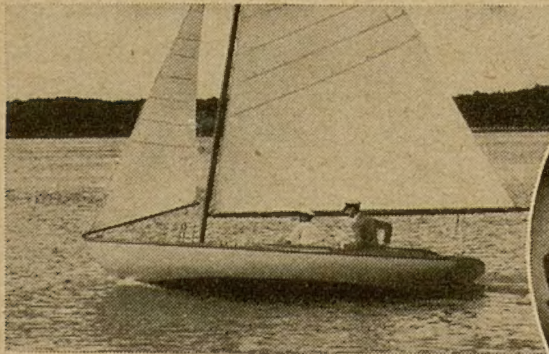
Lady Clifford's cabana on the shores of Nassau's Cable Beach, where much informal entertaining of the world's notables is done.



★ *American born, known internationally for her beauty and charm, Lady Clifford is the youthful mother of three charming daughters. Her life as the wife of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of the Bahamas, is as varied as it is interesting. She is shown here in Court dress, displaying the famous Clifford heirlooms, earrings given to an early Lord Clifford by Queen Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second. These earrings were part of Queen Catherine's dowry. The stones are large pear-shaped diamonds, set in smaller diamonds.*



Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Devonshire, English home of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. This noble castle is situated on the Clifford estates, which have been in the family since 1100.



"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.

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TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Regular 25¢
Double size 40¢

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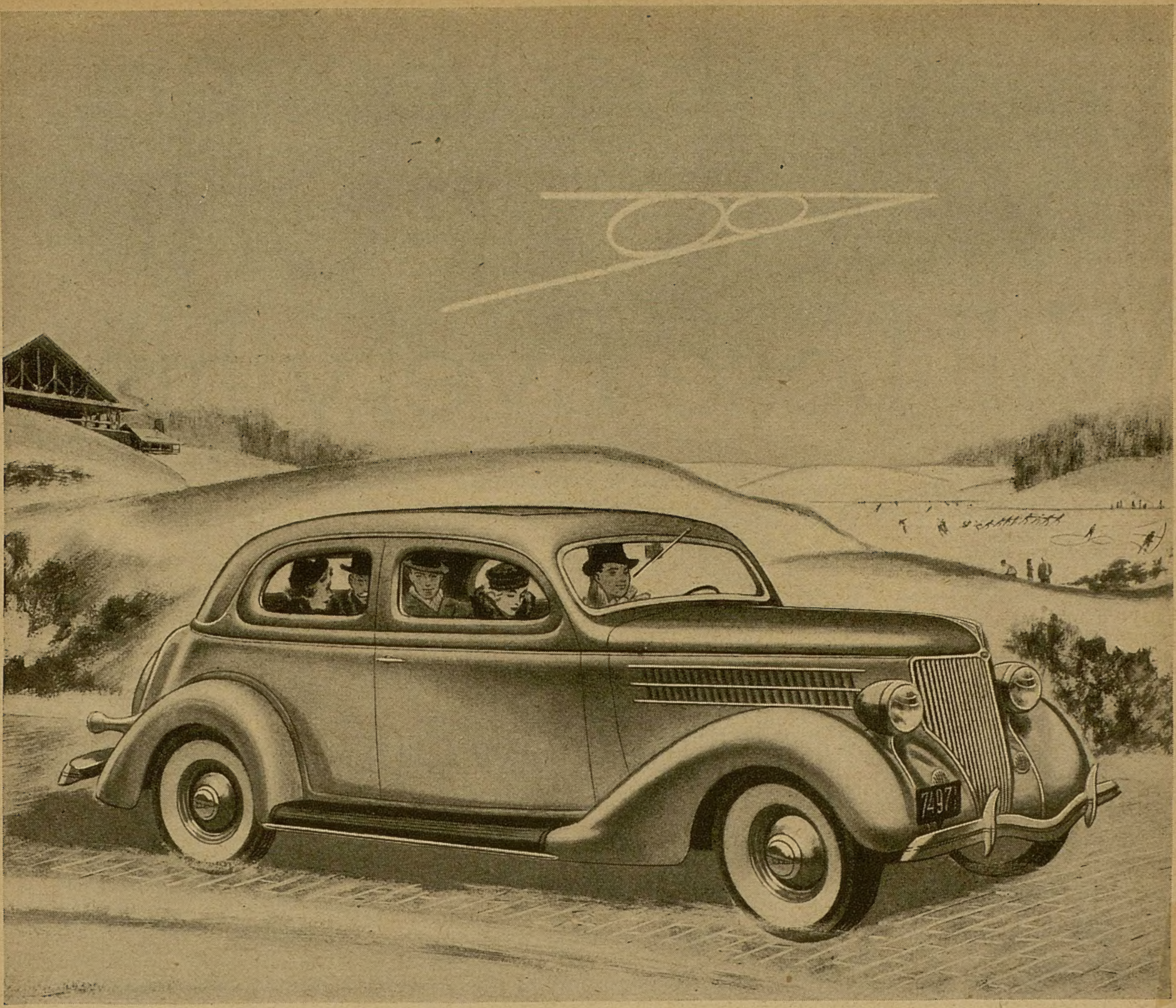


THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1936

Everything about the New Ford V-8 for 1936 reflects high quality and modern design. It is thoroughly up-to-date in line and appointment. Its 8-cylinder performance makes you doubly certain you are driving a thoroughly fine car. . . . For the Ford V-type engine is brother-under-the-hood to the world's finest power plants—on land, on water, and in the air. It gives you something distinctly better in power, acceleration, smoothness and all-round motoring satisfaction. . . . There are many other important, distinctive features of the Ford V-8, especially its ease of control, safety, comfort and roominess. . . . The genuine steel bodies are electrically welded. All fifteen body types have Safety Glass throughout at no additional cost. The big, powerful Super-Safety Brakes are sure and dependable under all driving conditions. . . . It is a great all-round value—this New Ford V-8 for 1936. The car that led all others in 1935 has been made still better for the new year.

Labor Had Better Watch Out—Or It Will Lose Everything

A Warning and a Challenge: "We Are Racing Toward Dictatorship! Communism or Fascism Will Be Our Lot if Something Isn't Done,"

says

MATTHEW WOLL

Vice-President, the American Federation of Labor

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHETHER we admit it or not, we Americans are rushing headlong toward governmentalism or a form of state socialism. We are turning our backs on individual rights, contract rights, property rights, even state rights.

We are setting up a new form of society—using the same machinery which would have been set up if Mr. Norman Thomas, and not Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, had been elected President in 1932.

These are alarming statements. They are alarming to me. So, when I make them, it may be assumed that the wish is *not* father to the thought.

And when I admit that American labor, even conservative American labor, is being forced to assist in this headlong rush toward governmentalism, is even accelerating it, it may also be assumed that I am stating only facts as I see them—from the inside.

One by one, under stress of what was universally recognized as emergency, the great towers of democratic strength in this country have gone down and towers of dictatorial strength have arisen in their places. This is invariably the first step toward a socialistic state, whether of the Communist or the Fascist or Nazi type.

Government is already moving rapidly toward the full control of industry. The trend toward dictatorship is no longer a trend: it is a race. True, it has been slowed down here and there by judicial opposition. But it is only a matter of time before courts, no matter how august, change in personnel until they reflect the will of the power which appoints them. Judicial opposition alone will not permanently protect us.

Until now the American labor movement has differed from the labor movements of most other countries in that the wage earners of the United States have been content to join the prevailing political parties and through them exercise a more or less effective influence.

But now that the government has become our biggest employer of labor—employing one out of every seven people in the United States—and has therefore assumed a position of new and possibly dangerous importance to labor as well as to industry, labor may be compelled to form new political alliances and attachments.

It is to be hoped that events will not require *too* drastic an alteration.

Dictatorship by *any one* should be avoided. But naturally, if there is any dictating to be done in this supposedly free country, labor is going to have something to say about who does the dictating.

Labor abhors all the principles and implications of dictatorship. But labor is compelled frequently to adopt the line of action which promises to be effective.

Take the Wagner Bill.

It would be idle to say that labor is not delighted that this much discussed measure is finally the law of the land. Yet there is many a man high in the councils of labor who wishes that it had not been necessary to ask the government for this bill.

Speaking for myself, I do not hesitate to say that it would have been far better, not only for organized labor but for all our democratic institutions, if similar results could have been obtained through frank and open discussion between the accredited representatives of management and the accredited representatives of labor.

The fact remains that labor was obliged to appeal to government instead of to industry to obtain the measure of protection which the bill affords.

If labor continues to assume the place in the political arena which it has taken by asking for and securing the enactment of the Wagner Bill, it will do so not because it wishes to but because it cannot get what it believes to be justice in any other way. And if that forced participation in politics means an acceleration of the onset toward governmentalism or even socialism, labor does not feel that it can be blamed.

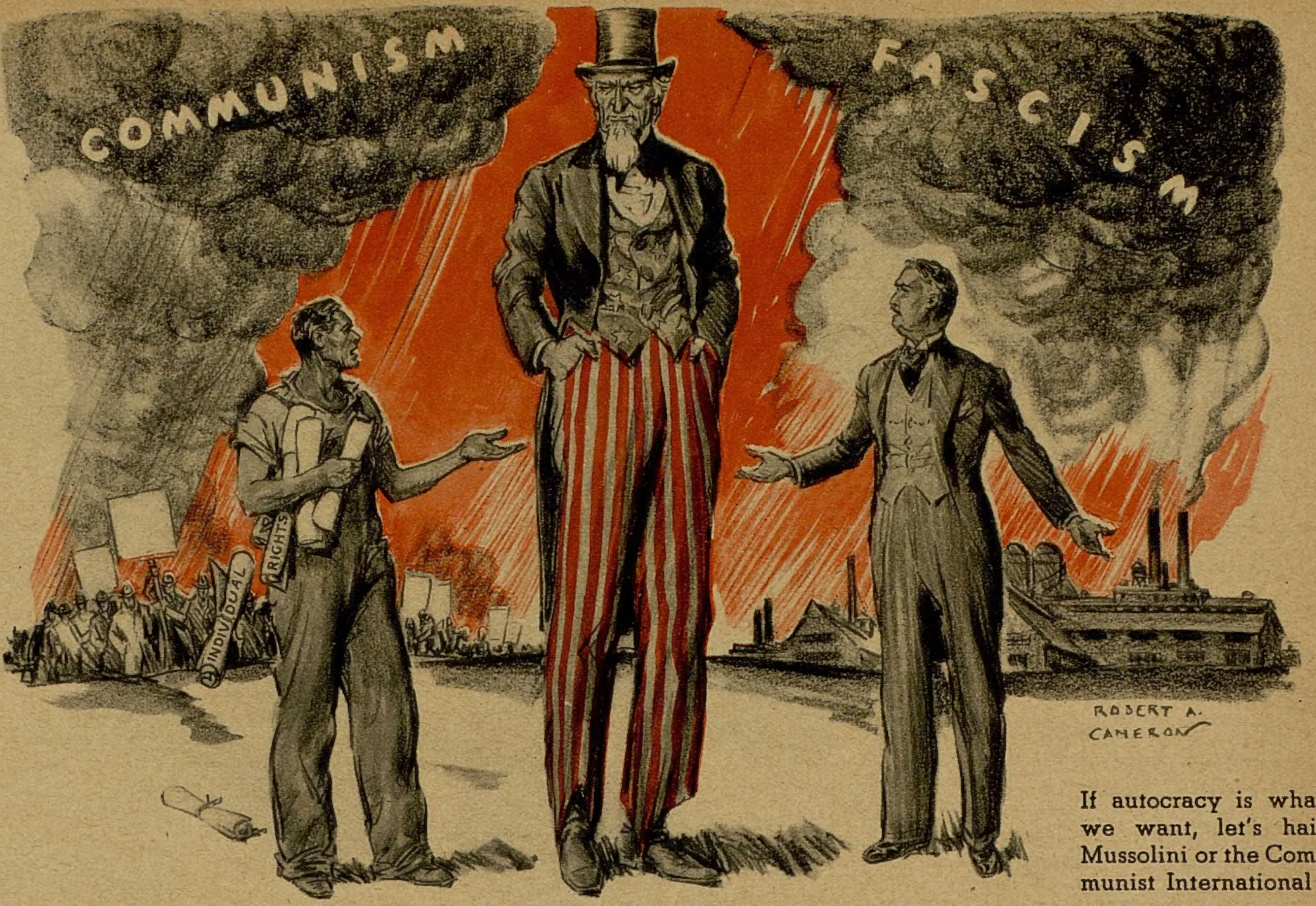
Whatever the cause, political dictatorship in industry is already here—and both employer and employee must contend with it.

There are employees so shortsighted as to rejoice in what they believe to be government attacks on their employers. They do not realize that the attacks are leveled at them as well. A ruined business is worth no more to the man who worked for it than to the man who managed it. For both it is a total loss.

Autocracy can be efficient. It can move swiftly. It can order our lives and see that we do not starve. Yet the time will come when the leaders of this democracy, including the leaders of our essentially democratic labor movement who agree to this abdication and abet its progress, will rue the day.

If the people "pass the buck" to the President, he is not to be blamed overly much for tackling the job. But the whole trend is wrong. If that is what we want, let's forget about 1776. Let's hail Mussolini or the Communist International!

But there are shortsighted representatives of capital, too. They do not see that their employees also have a stake in these great businesses which are slipping out of industrial control into government control. They, as well as misguided labor leaders, stand between the proper realignment of employer and employee. They, too, stand



If autocracy is what we want, let's hail Mussolini or the Communist International!

in the path of what Mr. Bernarr Macfadden has well called that "solid, substantial partnership," that "absolutely unbeatable combination."

For the first time in our history the entire nation is aroused on fundamental economic issues, and, so far as capital and labor are concerned, should be united.

Labor has never had any quarrel with capital as such. Labor's quarrel has been solely with those representatives of capital who treated the businesses they managed as purely private affairs and ran them to suit themselves, without regard for the interests of their employees or, as has been abundantly proved in so many cases, the interests of their stockholders.

That the individual employer should gradually disappear, and that the employing power should gravitate into a few hands, is a natural economic development. Labor recognizes this. It does not fight against the inevitable. All that it has ever asked is that these stewards, to whom so much power has been given, be faithful to their trusts.

THE government, by taking from them the power which they have so long exercised, implies that they have not been faithful. Labor, accepting government's verdict, turns to Washington for the justice which it feels it so often did not get in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and New York.

The so-called captains of industry, if such a system is to continue, either join the ranks of the unemployed or become little more than government employees. Labor might survive such a system. But management would never survive it; neither would the capital which it is supposed to represent.

I do not say that all this has irretrievably happened in this country. But I do say that only quick, determined, and, above all, wise action by the employers themselves can save this country from impending social revolution.

We cannot afford to drift any longer. We cannot afford to suffer any more depressions, or permit a continuation of the same business leadership that plunged us into the depression. Most of all, we cannot afford to forget that we are a nation in misery because of our lack of organized, co-operative intelligence as applied to industrial problems, on the successful solution of which the lives of employers as well as employees must necessarily depend.

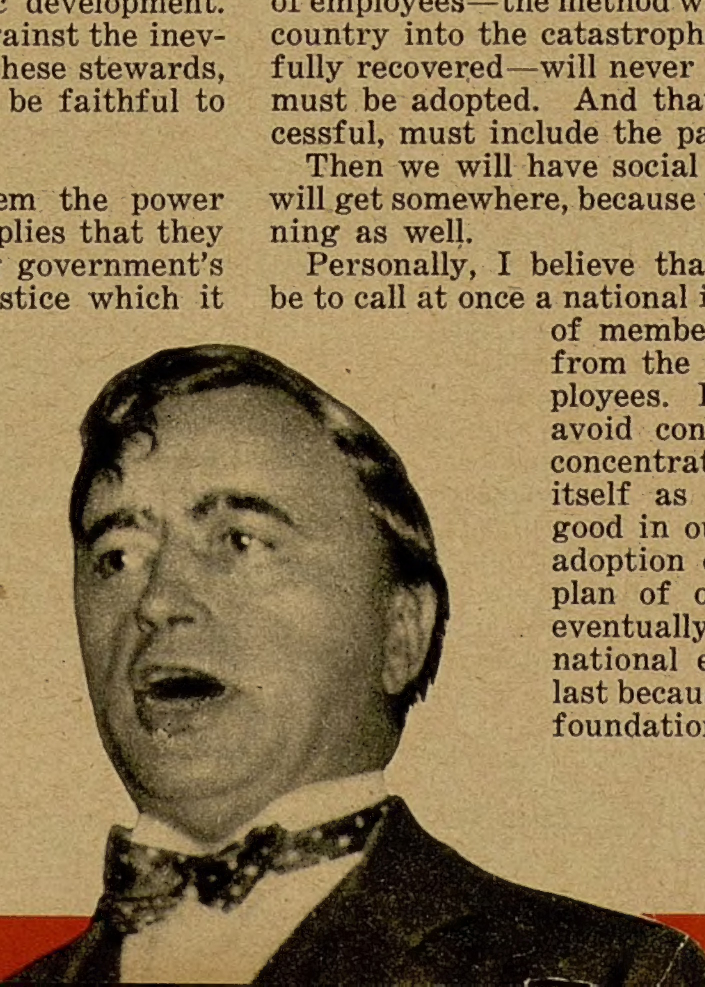
Labor believes in social and economic planning. But it believes that there is grave danger in permitting *all* the planning to be done by either management or government.

So-called "emergency" control of industry by government could not continue indefinitely. The old method of control of industry by employers, without participation of employees—the method which many believe hurled this country into the catastrophe from which it has not yet fully recovered—will never be resumed. A new method must be adopted. And that method, if it is to be successful, must include the participation of labor.

Then we will have social and economic planning that will get somewhere, because we will have humanized planning as well.

Personally, I believe that the best procedure would be to call at once a national industrial congress composed of members chosen in equal numbers from the ranks of employers and employees. In the beginning let this body avoid controversial subjects. Let it concentrate on plans for perpetuating itself as a continuing influence for good in our economic life, and on the adoption of rules of procedure and a plan of operating which would lead eventually to the construction of a national economic system that would last because it rested on the unshakable foundation of justice.

THE END



Mr. Woll, labor's spokesman, the author of this article.

BLUE PEARLS and the TERRIBLE NIGHT

by Beatrice Grimshaw

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SHADOWS of palm leaves, flickering like uneasy fingers, moved upon the outspread surface of the chart. It was three o'clock, the sleepy hour, in Samarai.

On the veranda, in the hotel, up and down the shaded coral-sanded street, there seemed to be nobody about or waking but Monty Freeman and the beautiful Martha, bending together over Monty's chart.

Monty was sitting very close to Martha.

When he leaned across the chart to mark the place of an island, his sleeve brushed the skin of her bare arm. Under the table his heavy foot touched hers.

Martha mechanically moved away. She had hardly noticed. She was listening, as so many others had listened, to the siren song of Monty Freeman, who was not making open love to her—yet; who was merely explaining what he had done for her husband and herself.

" . . . tell you, you're in luck. Nobody knows these islands as I do. There's nothing like them anywhere. Hundreds, all sorts, off this long tail of New Guinea." As if accidentally, he touched the girl's bare arm.

" All sorts of things in these islands," he went on with the rich roll in his voice that time and again had lured notes from buttoned-up pockets, checks from hesitant fountain pens. " This is Papua, and anything happens in Papua. Gold there. Mica. Osmiridium. Pearl shell. Bêche-de-mer. Thermal country; beats the Yellowstone. Nobody living on most of 'em, except where something's been discovered. World in itself. And when I found out about Marie Céleste, just before that boat arrived in with you and Chip on tour, I said, ' Chip's in this with me. For the sake of old times and the good old school.' "

There was water in his eyes as he spoke. Monty—fattish, fortyish, handsome, and well tailored, with a heart as hard as a peach stone underneath his superficial softness—was always able at short notice to work himself up into a belief in his own essential generosity. He felt himself just now to be a benefactor of the human race in general and his old schoolmate in particular.

Chip Carey, years younger, had in truth been at the same school, although their acquaintance, a slight one, dated long after Monty had left. The pearl lagoon—unproved—which he had managed to unload on Chip and Chip's not so easily managed friend, Will Brander, became in Monty's eyes, once he had parted with it, a veritable treasure house.

There was really no reason—no reason at all—why Marie Céleste shouldn't have pearl shell. There was also no particular reason why it should.

Chip had leaped at the bait like a trout leaping at a fly. Pearls and gold, in Monty's experience, blinded men's sober judgment when you dangled one or other before their eyes.

So there was Chip Carey out on the hunt for diving boys, and here was he in the hotel falling in love as hard as he could with Carey's new young bride. Monty, a connoisseur of women, hadn't for years seen anything like this girl. Nineteen, slender and tall as a reed, and white, he dared say, underneath her scrap of silk clothing, as any of the ivory-stemmed slim palm trees that stood balancing against the blue; hair a cap of black satin, twisted at the back into a coil that you couldn't have held in your two hands; eyes so unbelievably blue that you had to look at them again and yet again to make sure that you hadn't imagined the color; eyelashes as long as the imitation lashes they stick on for a day in Hollywood—only Martha's had been stuck on nineteen years ago, for good, by nature. No make-up hardly; she didn't need it, save for that touch of geranium rose on her far too kissable lips. (Monty meant to know the taste of her lipstick very soon.) She was like nothing he had known. She was as fresh, as sweet and simple as a primrose, and

A THRILLING TALE OF TROPICAL MYSTERY

at the same time as taking as a—

Monty, even in his own mind, hesitated before the word "tart." But that was what he meant.

Carey had no right to have married her. He was far too young. Too frivolous. Too poor. He couldn't, like Monty Freeman, make fortunes as fast as they were lost and spent, give a woman the things she wanted—the things that Martha ought to know she needed—jewels, furs, motorcars. Chip Carey gave her kisses, and she was crazy about him; but that couldn't last.

Martha said, intent upon the map, "Where's this Marie Céleste? It isn't marked?"

Monty, taking her hand in his, guided her slim forefinger with its poppied nail to a couple of black dots. "I'll pencil the names by and by. One of these is Marie Céleste. The other is Napoleon. They have native names too. A long way off from anywhere; near the mainland, but it's a wild coast; no whites there for a hundred miles."

Martha laughed. "I'm thrilled. The whole thing is so romantic—like living in an adventure book. What a lot you must know!" The look she threw him was one of simple schoolgirl admiration, but it went to Monty's head like wine. Wait till Carey's away, he thought. Before he comes back again—

The sentence broke off short in his mind. It was as if he could see it in the afternoon sky, written in letters of fire. But now it ran somewhat differently. It ran:

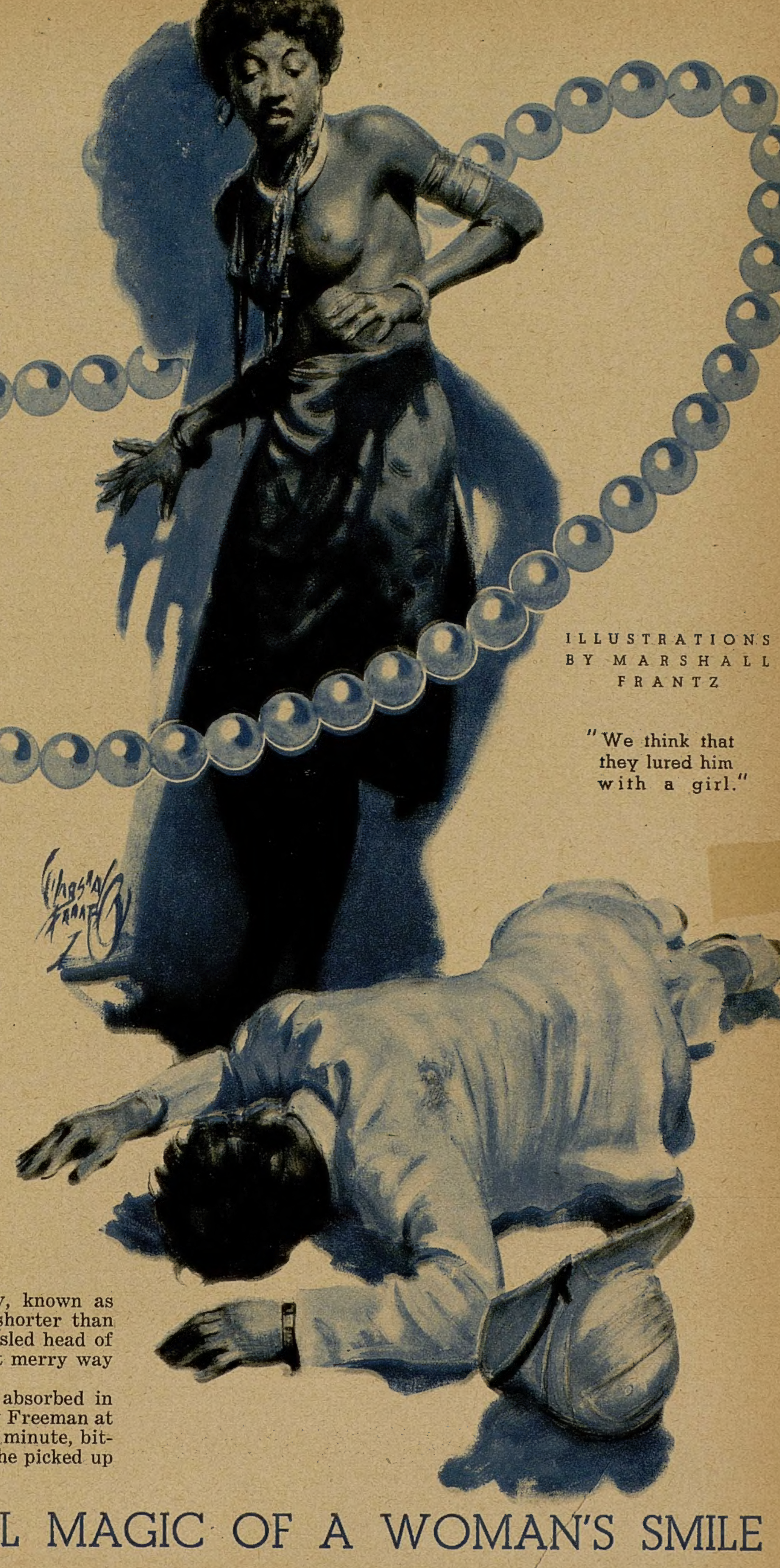
If he comes back again.

One side of Monty's mind asked sharply of the other: What are you thinking about? The other answered: Nothing; what d'you mean? This is a damned dangerous country anyhow.

Shadows lengthened; the leathernecks began to curse and quarrel in the palm-tree crowns. Government offices closed, and Carey came home.

Martha tossed the chart across the table, leaped to her feet and ran. Back she came with Carey's arm clipped fast about her waist. Charles Carey, known as Chip, a bit of a fellow, inches shorter than Monty Freeman, with a fair tousled head of hair, a laughing eye, and a light merry way with him.

The honeymooning pair were absorbed in each other; they didn't see Monty Freeman at first. Monty watched them for a minute, biting his thick lips. Then swiftly he picked up



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

"We think that they lured him with a girl."

AND THE FATAL MAGIC OF A WOMAN'S SMILE

the chart, made a couple of marks upon it, and put it back on the table. I suppose that's right? the other Monty at the bottom of his mind demanded questioningly; and he answered carelessly—he was careful to be careless—Of course!

Carey came up to him, with Brander in the rear. " This the place? " he asked, picking up the chart and sending his glance roving among the constellations of islands until it rested on the penciled marks that Monty Freeman had made.

" That's it. Marie Céleste, known among the natives as Maté-Maté. The other, a mile or two away, is Napoleon, or Gigibori."

" Think we can make it all right? "

" Of course. I'll give you the correct bearings, and you'll strike it in a day or a day and a half. Get your boys? What kind? "

" We got six—Goodenough boys just in; can't speak a word of English, but the interpreter translated when we took them to sign on. I said we were going to Marie Céleste; they called it something else—can't remember what."

" Goodenough boys? " Monty seemed satisfied. " Don't let them rattle you into going wrong. I wish I could go too, but business, business, you know—can't get away just at the moment."

Martha put her arm around Carey's neck and began to whisper into his ear. " Could she go too? " Chip asked somewhat doubtfully.

" Not a hope. No, Mrs. Chip, you'll have to do without him for a little. Don't want to shock you, but these natives—they aren't exactly angels, and a charming lady let loose in a lot of men—"

So she could blush, and as prettily as her Victorian grandmother might have done. This girl was everything, had everything.

Chip's new friend, Brander, commonly known as William the Silent, stood in the background and said nothing. Monty shot an unpleasant look at him. He didn't like silent men; and he seemed to remember something about this one.

Jim Hoppner, magistrate and poet, passing by, saw the group and felt its significance as, perhaps, no other would have done. One more sacrifice to Her, he thought, who knew Papua to his cost. They come, and they stay, and they go, broken men—or maybe they never go at all.

STARING, bright, unfriendly, the isle of Marie Céleste (so named, in the long ago, by pious French explorers) rose from coral seas. Carey and Brander had taken near two days to find the place, losing their way, crawling and breaking down in an underpowered launch with a discontented native crew.

" Queer-looking place," Brander said, breaking a day's silence. " Hope we get something out of it. But "—he paused to light another cigarette—" but—I don't much like men called Monty—in general and in particular."

" Why in general? " Carey asked, conning the launch through a threatening maze of shoals.

" Because it's because of some one called Monty that I'm a chartered accountant out of a job. Nothing meaner than a chartered accountant out of a job, believe me. And," he added, after smoking for a minute in silence, " I have a sort of idea that this Monty was that Monty. Different surname. Some years ago. I wouldn't pass the accounts of their dud company; they got their knife into me. I wonder if he knows. Doesn't matter. Port, or you'll put us on that reef."

The island grew brighter and nearer. " Maté-Maté," Carey said, swinging the tiller. " What does that mean, I wonder? "

Brander unexpectedly answered, " Death or dying, or something of that kind. I've picked up half a dozen words of the lingo. Gigibori—Napoleon, over there—means hot. No accounting for these native names. This looks hot enough for anything."

They stared ahead. Maté-Maté, or Marie Céleste, was one of two islands breaking a long surface of plain sea. Its colors were nasty bright crude greens and sticky shining blacks and grays; the sort of colors that would make you sick if you licked them. It had a great deal of dirty-looking beach, and it was ringed all around by glittering green mangroves. Over the tops of the mangroves within the island one could see a faint nickel-colored shining.

" That'll be the lagoon," Carey said. " What are those damn boys doing now? "

The question was rhetorical. It was quite plain what they were doing. They were crying. They were pointing to the fairy towers of Goodenough, faint in distance. They were viciously shaking their fists at Marie Céleste.

" I think they're mad," Charles commented. " Keep them quiet while I get her in."

The boys had ceased crying as suddenly as they began. One of them now began to imitate the roar of an angry bull.

Once ashore, the crew seemed to recover. Under Brander's orders, conveyed by signs, they busied themselves landing stores. The engine boy made signs expressive of a pearl diver at work. He pointed to the inner lagoon.

" Yes, you'll get plenty of that," Carey told him. " What about having a look, Will, now we're here? "

WILLIAM, in spite of his silence and his chartered accountantship, was young, almost as young as Carey. The thought of pearls and pearling set him aflame. This was their island, no matter what it looked like. This was their adventure, beginning at last.

" Let's go," he said, striking in through the mangroves.

Carey followed, shouting; it became a race. Together they reached the shore of the inner lagoon. Long and mysterious, dull green, linked with the sea by a single narrow passage, it filled the heart of the island.

" This place is all beach," Carey commented, staring about him. " Sort of horseshoe shape. Sand and mud and sand."

" And stinks," added Brander.

" Scents," Chip contradicted. " Flowers of some sort somewhere. But I don't see them."

" Stinks. Perfumed stinks. Queer."

Chip said, hands in his pockets, " Monty told us the island had a lagoon with coral horseheads sticking up. I remember that. When we were bargaining with him over the price of the lease. Said there were shells lying on the beach. I see the lagoon, but I don't see anything else. Maybe it's the tide."

William the Silent said nothing, but a low uncertain whistle escaped from his lips.

It was answered, strangely, by the whistle of the launch.

Carey, damning the boys, made for the belt of mangroves, crashed through them, shouting.

Gray-white, the outer beach rose before them. The sea shone blue beyond. There was a pile of stores upon the beach; nothing else. Against the blue of the sea the long black line of the launch moved swiftly, setting toward Goodenough.

" Toot-toot," went the whistle again, derisively, as the boat slipped around the corner of the island and disappeared.

Carey ran up and down the beach cursing. Brander ground the butt of his cigarette into the sand with one heel. " But—why? " he said presently. " Let me think."

Through the silence came the sound of a hornbill's flight, low and vibrant like a distant airplane. The bird, cross-shaped and dark, flew overhead. That's the bird of death, thought Carey, craning his neck upward. He remembered hearing that the natives of Papua associated hornbills with dark and violent deeds; that murderers wore the hornbill beak like a medal. Queer that it should come flying over an island called Maté-Maté. Unlucky, somehow. Now if the boys— But it hadn't been there when they came.

Brander stood thinking. He was a man who in the course of his professional work could hunt down a missing figure as a dog hunts rabbits. There were three figures in this account, he decided. At two of them he could make a guess; but the third—

Figure One. Monty was the man whose company he had smashed. Maybe Monty didn't know it. Maybe he did.

Figure Two (and here the

(Continued on page 12)

This Car
has been carefully checked
and reconditioned as shown
by (✓) marks below
Serial Number
Stock Number
RADIATOR ✓
MOTOR ✓
CLUTCH ✓
TRANSMISSION ✓
REAR AXLE ✓
STEERING ✓
BRAKES ✓
STARTING ✓
LIGHTING ✓
IGNITION
✓
HORN ✓
BATTERY ✓
BODY ✓
GLASS ✓
FENDERS ✓
FINISH ✓
TIRES ✓
UPHOLSTERY ✓
FLOOR MATS ✓
LUBRICATION ✓
Guaranteed OK
By Your Chevrolet dealer
Price

This Chevrolet symbol identifies the most reliable USED CARS you can buy

. . *and the best values, too!*

KNOW definitely, before paying a single dollar down, that you are getting a thoroughly reliable used car!

Buy a *Guaranteed OK* used car from your Chevrolet dealer!

Sure satisfaction will be yours, for your Chevrolet dealer singles out the best cars in his entire stock—carefully reconditions the bodies, engines and other vital parts—and then attaches this red OK tag as his *guarantee* that the cars are one hundred per cent worthy of your confidence.

That's why we say that this *Guaranteed OK* tag identifies the most reliable used cars you can buy. *And the best values, too!* Because your Chevrolet dealer sells his cars at the lowest prices and on the most convenient terms.

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See your authorized
CHEVROLET
DEALER
for
Guaranteed
USED CARS
with an
OK
that counts

(Continued from page 10)

mind of Brander unknowingly ran parallel with that of Monty Freeman). Chip Carey was in possession of a pearl bigger and finer than any pearl ever taken from the Pacific. Perhaps he deserved it, perhaps he didn't. But anyhow it meant trouble. Probably big trouble—as things were going. William the Silent was not William the Blind; he had had his eyes about him in the hotel.

Figure Three. That was a teaser. Boys crying. Boys deserting. Something wrong—he could swear it—about this island of Marie Céleste. But the figures wouldn't come out, the sum wouldn't add. And yet he could have sworn—before a court if need be—that the three figures were part of the same sum.

"What do you make of it?" Carey asked impatiently.

Brander, who would have been boiled in oil rather than lie professionally, now fibbed with smoothest ease:

"Why, nothing, except that the labor has deserted. Getting too late to prospect the lagoon today. Let's put the tent up."

There was no timber for tent poles. They had to stretch the canvas as best they could upon the tops of bushes, making their camp on the dirty sand beneath. Brander lit a fire, boiled water for tea, and heated a tin of meat. Stolidly he ate his share of food; but Carey, more sensitive, put down his plate and stared uncomfortably about.

"I can't eat," he said. "That scent makes me sick. It seems to come in waves. Thick and sweet and nasty, somehow. Damned nasty."

Brander said, reaching for a biscuit, "Smells to me like those waxy sickly sort of flowers people put all over a corpse before they nail it down in the coffin. To hide the smell. And it doesn't hide the smell. Like this."

Both men fell silent, a silence matched and surpassed by the stillness that had fallen upon Marie Céleste.

It was now dark, a moonless night with discouraged stars; a night of "king" tide, with the water swilling, full and noiseless, high up among the roots of the mangroves. Where the firelight penetrated, drifts of leaf and weed could be seen moving slowly forward like a dark carpet drawn by an invisible hand.

"You know," said Carey presently beneath his breath, "I feel as if somebody was looking at us somewhere. I do feel those things; psychic, the wife calls me. She used to—"

Brander held up his hand. "Ss!"

They waited. The night was holding its breath. The sea kept silence.

Carey, all nerves, broke in again, "I reckon it's this queer damned country. Hoppner, the magistrate, the fellow who writes poetry, says you can't help loving her in a crazy sort of way, but she hates you—hates you—blood on her lips when she kisses you—other men's blood—she'll get you if she can, one way if not another, and she has a hundred ways—"

HIS words were abolished by a burst of appalling sound that seemed to come from everywhere and nowhere; a bellow like the voice of some fierce bull broken loose and running wild at night, rage in his flying hoofs and death upon his horns.

Both men sprang to their feet. Carey snapped on his electric torch and swung it about. There was nothing to be seen.

Brander said, "Can't be a bull. Sounds like one, but there aren't any nearer than Gili-Gili plantation, hundred miles away."

Carey was still looking about. "Might very well be a bittern," he said.

The bellow came again. It shook the stems of the mangroves and sent a quiver up the floating water carpet.

"Are there bitterns in—" both men began together. They broke off. Carey said, "The engine boy made a noise like that. Must have been imitating it. Clever mimic, ain't he?"

Brander's reply seemed hardly relevant: "They took the rifles with them." He could see Carey's head plain in the torchlight—the high forehead, the ruffle of fair hair, the thick white neck. It came to him that perhaps a certain girl would never plunge her hands into that hair any more; never again clasp arms about the neck of Chip Carey. Brander was just beginning, ignorantly and uncertainly, to guess.

Carey said, keeping his voice down, "I caught a word that the boys were using; one of their bits of pidgin English. They said this was a 'walk-about place'—whatever that is. It doesn't answer much to the description—all that mud—"

"Anyhow we'll walk," Brander said, lighting his own torch. "Take a look at things."

"They'll miss us and send for us in a day or two, and then those brutes will catch it," Carey cheerfully declared.

Brander thought: But Monty must have known that. He said nothing.

It was Carey who found the nest. "Look, old chap," he joyfully shouted. "We were right about the bitterns after all. See, here are its eggs." He flashed his torch upon the ground.

Eggs, dirty white, a score or so, eggs the size of goose eggs, laid and then abandoned in the midst of a raffle of sticks and mud. Eggs apparently belonging to a bird of considerable size.

CAREY said, speaking quickly, "All sorts of queer birds in this country. Some of them scratch up mounds ten feet high, and leave their eggs to be hatched by spontaneous combustion or something. Some of them make ballrooms and dance in 'm; and there's one that shuts his wife up in a hollow tree and feeds her through a hole—great idea that; and some of them beat big drums at night and—all sorts of games." He picked up one of the eggs; it slipped from his hand, fell on the ground, bounced slightly, and remained unbroken.

"Nothing here like anything else. Since we know all about it now, what about a spot of sleep?"

They crept beneath the tent fly, and lay down, Carey with cheerful abandonment, Brander saying nothing but determined to keep awake. Nevertheless he dozed, and the thing, when it happened, found him, equally with Carey, unprepared.

He was lying back half asleep, just beginning, against his will, to drift into unconsciousness, when something seized him by the sole of his heavy boot. "Don't rag, old man," he murmured, instinctively sitting up. At once he was flung down again on his back, and found himself with horrifying swiftness being dragged toward the sea. He couldn't kick; the thing that had him was going too fast, pulled far too powerfully for that; it was like being towed by a tractor.

Lustily he shouted Carey's name, and the other awoke, flashed his torch, and with a yell sprang straight for the enormous head of the crocodile that had seized Brander's boot and was pulling him along. In the pale light the creature glowed with streaks of phosphorescence; its eyes were lambent green; its teeth, clamped on Brander's boot sole, shone white in the appalling death grin that is shared by crocodiles and human skulls alone.

Carey, cursing the boys and the stolen rifles, beat wildly at the monster with a club of mangrove wood. He might as well have tried conclusions with an armored tank. Backward went the beast, and Brander with it; Brander, not yelling or entreating, dead silent, fighting every inch of the way. Carey saw his eyes.

Holding up the torch and still shouting at the crocodile as if it could hear and understand, Chip snatched a sheath knife from his belt. No use attacking that iron-plated monster with such a weapon, but the boot—the boot—

In a moment Brander's boot was slashed from his foot. The crocodile, still holding to its diminished prize, had turned, with a sweep of its steel-spring tail that sent Carey flying into the mangroves, and was making in a spraddling gallop for the sea. Before it had touched water, a challenging roar broke forth, and another monster dashed across the torchlit circle, heedless of man in the face of its enemy and rival.

Brander understood. Those eggs—not bird eggs, not deserted—told of the near presence of a mother crocodile; the scent of musk and rotting flesh that had been growing stronger all evening meant

(Continued on page 14)

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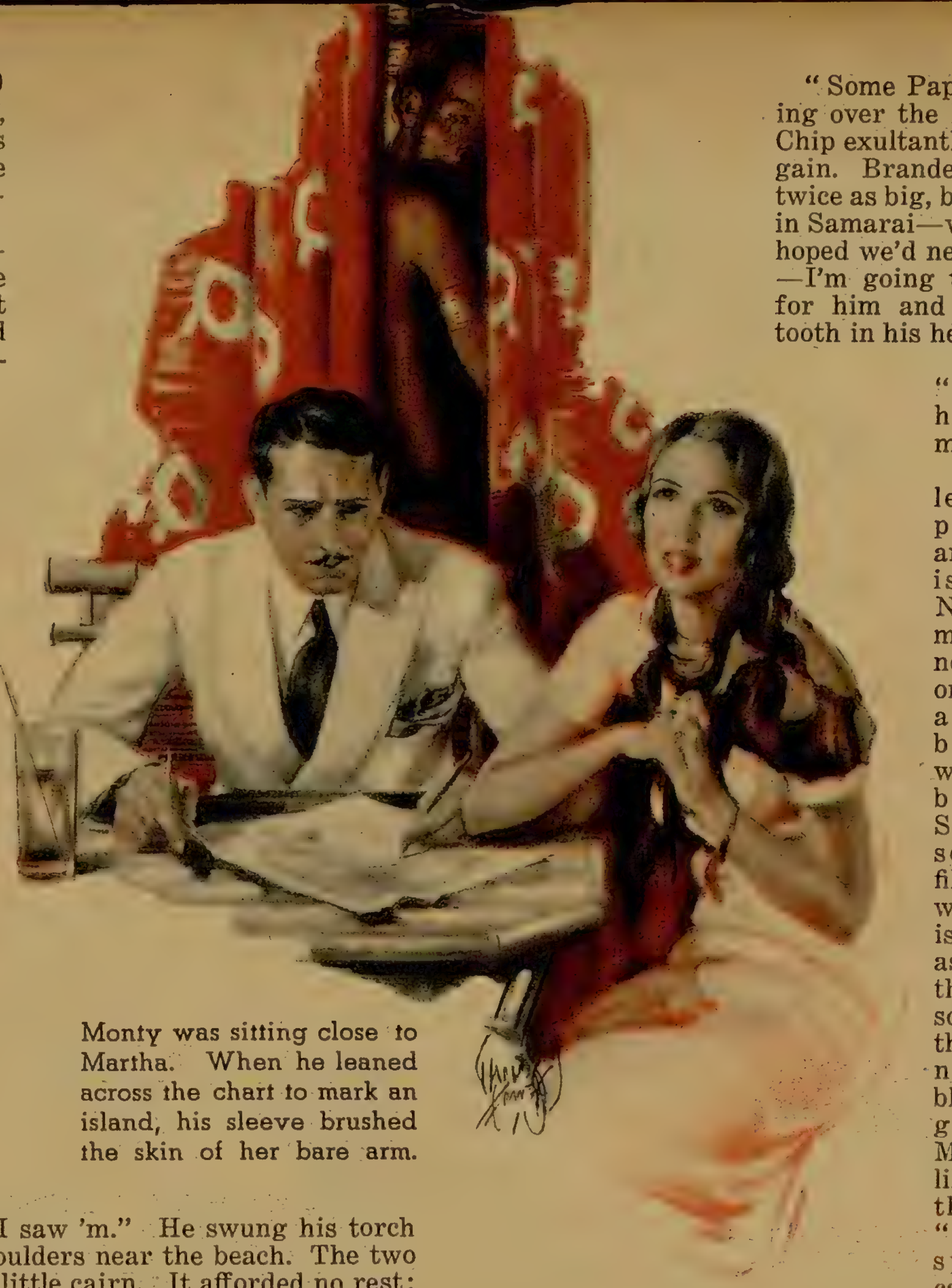
(Cont'd from page 12)



Monty was sitting close to Martha. When he leaned across the chart to mark an island, his sleeve brushed the skin of her bare arm.

that two male crocodiles, rivals for the female's favor, were haunting the mangrove swamp. Two—and how many more?

Walk-about place—walk-about place—he could guess, now, what that meant. This island of Marie Céleste was apparently the meeting ground of the armored dragons who swam between island and island from the great river mouths of Papua's mainland. All animals have their breeding places; but the Lovers' Walk of a company of estuarine crocodiles was not, it seemed, the happiest spot for mere human beings to spend the night.

"Get back," said Brander briefly. He was standing bootless and pale beside Carey, who had hastily picked himself out of the mangrove bushes.

"Traction engines fighting and making love wouldn't be in it, once these birds get going. There's rocks—I saw 'm." He swung his torch toward a pile of coral boulders near the beach. The two made haste to climb the little cairn. It afforded no rest; one could not sit or lie upon its ragged pinnacles; but one could stand there in comparative safety holding on and listening, with strained nerves, to the bellowing and charging of the infuriated monsters below. Brander had put out the torches; Carey and he stood together in darkness and fear. There was no knowing what the beasts might do, or whither their mad charges might lead them.

Toward dawn the tumult lessened, the loathsome reptilian reek began to die down. Silence came. No sound betrayed the departure of the beasts; they were, and were not, and the dawn was breaking.

On the sun-gilded sand the two adventurers stood safe. The lagoon, lime-green, lay untroubled before them. Brander, tying up his bruised foot in a piece of rice bag, said, "Nice sort of place to do shelling in—if there's any shell."

Carey said, "Do you get shell in a place where the sand is mostly mud?"

"Shouldn't think it likely."

"What *do* you think?"

Brander, twisting the knot, said, "I think he gave us the wrong island."

"What! On purpose?"

"Only he and the devil know about that. People can make mistakes. I don't doubt he could prove—look over there at that place he called Napoleon. I lay, if you had any native to ask, he'd say this place was Napoleon and Marie Céleste was the other. Look at it. Clean fine island with white beaches, lagoon all round. If there's any shell anywhere—and I rather doubt it—"

Carey said, "Oh, Lord, why haven't we the boat?"

"Couldn't we make a raft of driftwood? Let's look for some."

It was not driftwood that they found at last; it was a drifted canoe, swept by the tides into a belt of mangroves.

"Some Papuan beggar howling over the loss of this," said Chip exultantly. "His loss, our gain. Brander! Monty may be twice as big, but once we're back in Samarai—where I suppose he hoped we'd never be back again—I'm going to break his neck for him and knock out every tooth in his head."

Brander said, "Leave some of him, if you don't mind, for me."

Canoes go silently. The approach of Carey and Brander to the island miscalled Napoleon was made without noise. They landed on an empty strand as white as bleached linen, with a big wind blowing along. Sound of wind, sound of water, filled the air. This was a live bright island, as different as might be from the dark and poisonous place where they had passed the night. Shallow, blue-green, the lagoon of the real Marie Céleste ran like a moat about the island; coral "horseheads" springing from calm water marked the places where the reef came near the surface, and shells—small, shining, lined with pearl—lay here and there on the beach.

"This is what that damned Monty described," Carey said. "But—these are small shells; the sort they get in the Trobriands; not much profit in them at any time, they say, and less now, with the Jap culture pearls shooting the market to pieces. The natives eat them, and that's about all they're good for nowadays."

BRANDER said, "Monty seems to have won the trick again."

"Not when I get my hands on him," declared the husband of Martha between set teeth.

"D'you think," he said presently, "there's anything in this thermal business? Gigibori—that's the native name—hot—and I see a trail of steam somewhere; must have one or two of those hot springs."

"Not a hope, a thousand miles from Australia. Worse than useless. Spoil things. Even these small pearls, if there are any, would probably be influenced by the chemicals. Pearl oysters need pure water, and I dare say it drains in a bit from above."

"One more for Monty. I wish I believed in the devil. They used to say he took care of his own. Monty gets taken care of at every turn. But just let him wait. The devil will be out of a job when I land in Samarai."

"Are you hard hit financially?"

Carey swallowed. "Pretty well broke."

"Same here. We may as well look at the place—since we own it."

Dispiritedly they climbed the nearest slope. It led them to a glacis of fallen rocks, over which the wind went shrieking.

"Spell," said Carey. They leaned against the rocks, and Brander, lighting a cigarette, stood still. What would Carey do, he wondered, if Martha had actually come to harm? Where was she now, and what might be happening to her?

The answer came sooner than he expected.

Over the rocks the wind was blowing toward Carey and Brander as they stood in shelter. And clear on the wind came a voice drowned in tears—Martha's voice:

“Oh, Mr. Hoppner, I know you've done all you could; but where are they? What's happened to Chip? If those dreadful natives killed him when they took the boat, I'll die too. If I could just find his darling body and take it back with me, I'd be—I'd be satisfied to—”

Just what would satisfy Martha, no one was to know. The leap that Carey made, vaulting across the wall of rock into her arms, knocked them both down and drove the breath from her lungs.

She did not seem to mind; she was clinging to Charles and kissing him wildly when Brander climbed across the rocks more slowly.

“Now that you've found his darling body, suppose you do take it home—and mine along with it,” he suggested.

Recipes in Rhyme

Bzurat: Dry seeds of pumpkin, grind them fine—
One cup to glass of water; then consign
The mixture to a bag of linen; strain,
Then add the sugar, make the drink divine!

The orange blossom and the rose—these twain,
In liquid essence, add; then entertain
Your bachelor friend; and if he will not drink—
Why, let him go and drown him—in champagne!

—*Mrs. A. Ayres.*

The joke fell flat. Every one was too busy questioning every one else to listen.

William the Silent, filling his usual role, learned that the launch with the runaway boys had been seen and reported; and that Hoppner the magistrate had immediately set out, not toward Goodenough, but toward Marie Céleste, fearing for the safety of the two white men. Often, in the history of eastern Papua, a native crew had been known to slay their masters for the sake of plunder; usually they fled with the stolen boat to their own island and could be arrested at leisure afterward.

Martha, at the last moment, had insisted on coming too. A swift government launch conveyed them to the real Marie Céleste in a few hours.

When Carey and Brander found them, Hoppner and his police had just completed a useless survey of the island and were beginning to feel very anxious about the fate of the two white men.

Martha, left under the guardianship of a constable, had not wasted her time while the men were searching.

“I did all I could for you, darling,” she said, sitting by Chip's side and clasping his recovered hand in her own. “The constable is an island boy, and he went in and dived for me ever so often and brought up some shells, and—” Tears seemed to be coming again.

Chip stanched their flow after the most approved method.

“DON'T mind, sweetheart,” he told her. “Will and I had a look at the place and guessed it was no good—just that common small stuff, and not much of it.”

“Even if there'd been more,” contributed Brander, “and even if the Japs hadn't spoiled the market, I reckon those hot springs they name the place after would have done some mischief. Everything drains down toward the sea.”

Martha said, holding out her hand, “These are what we got—two—but they're all wrong.”

“Monty,” muttered Brander. “Monty wins again.”

One of the pearls was about as large as a birdshot, the other buckshot-sized.

“Aren't they queer—not white a bit?” Martha said, rolling them in her palm.

Carey touched them, stared at them. “I say,” he said feebly, and again, “I say—I wonder—”

Hoppner leaned over and looked at the little spheres in Martha's hand.

He said, “My God! Did you ever hear of blue pearls?”

Carey answered with a puzzled look:

“I don't know. I somehow think that—maybe I read—”

“Hardly any one knows about them. They're rarer than pink. Rarer than black. Almost unknown—and they can't be imitated or cultured.”

“‘The foxes, the little foxes, that spoil our grapes’!” murmured Brander. “The little Japanese foxes— Not this time.”

Hoppner, stretching out a sun-coppered hand, solemnly shook hands with Martha, with Carey, with Brander. “Congrats. I reckon you're made,” he said.

Carey shouted. Martha gave a wild “Hurrah!”

BRANDER, the only cool one of the party, asked, “What causes them?”

Hoppner said:

“Not exactly known. I think myself it may be something in the water.”

Brander, looking up at the thin columns of steam rising inland, said:

“Maybe.”

“We've done the beast in the eye after all!” Carey shouted. “Now listen, you magistrate, listen to what he did to us.” In a flood of words he poured forth the story of the map and the islands and the crocodiles' “walk-about.”

Hoppner listened to him coolly. “I'll make a note of it. Might be of some use,” he said, when Carey had done.

“Is that all you have to say? And—and—do you know what Marty's been telling me too? That he wanted—he tried—”

Marty's foot kicked her husband into sudden silence.

Hoppner gravely said, “Best speak no ill of him.”

Martha stared. She had just silenced her husband, but she didn't see why Monty shouldn't be spoken ill of—as ill as possible—as long as one subject was left alone.

Carey was quicker. “You mean?” he asked.

“Yes. Two of the launch crew slipped ashore on Samarai in a canoe in the night. They managed to get him away to the back of the island—we think that they lured him with a girl. The sea makes a lot of noise there; nobody heard the shot.”

Brander, smoking in the background, thought: They took the rifles.

“Why—” began Carey.

“I didn't understand till you told me about that other place—Napoleon. Seems they thought Monty meant to kill them, for honor and glory or something, same as they kill each other, only in a neater way. And they got even. As they do.”

William the Silent took the cigarette from his mouth and said:

“So Monty lost the last trick after all.”

They made their way to the beach. Martha was babbling pleasantly about what she was going to do with her share and Carey's.

William the Silent said nothing, but he looked at her and looked away again.

“What do you mean to do with yours?” Hoppner asked him.

“Who, me?”

Brander turned his gaze from Carey's Cullinan diamond to the far peaks of Papua, shining against the sky in speedwell blue.

“There's places where nobody's been,” he said. “I'll go to them. She's got me.”

“Papua?” Hoppner asked.

The boys were carrying Martha to the launch. Brander's eyes followed her as he slowly answered, “Papua—yes.”

THE END

WHAT IS BEHIND THE MINNEAPOLIS MURDERS?

Two Outspoken Editors Are Dead, Mowed Down by Gangster Guns. A City Is Asking Why . . . Here Is the Whole Amazing Story, Written on the Spot

by

WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE underworld of Minneapolis has issued its final insolent challenge to society. A year and a half ago, some mysterious assassin killed Howard Guilford, militant journalist—killed him in such manner and circumstances as to indicate that this was cold-blooded execution by a criminal gang which found publicity harmful. Then, last December, an assassin using professional methods killed Walter Liggett, a free-lance editor who had been calling Heaven to witness the alliance between crime, vice, and politics in Minneapolis.

This last murder was the more flagrant and defiant of the two. Let me review it in all its atrocity.

Walter Liggett, the editor who was silenced by a machine gun.

Walter Liggett was publishing on a shoestring the Midwest American, a four-page weekly which slammed without mercy everything he did not like about the politics and manners of Minneapolis and Minnesota. He helped to keep it going with the West Lake Neighborhood News, another small weekly, innocuous in character. The Midwest American carried no advertisements. The Neighborhood News did. For these he took much of the payment in trade. He was always in hot water financially—a fact which goes to controvert rumors coursing through Minneapolis after his death. He was sometimes at his wit's end to meet the pay roll of his humble printing establishment. When on Saturday night he found no money in the till, he paid his force in groceries given in exchange for advertising. And he furnished his own table largely from the same source.

He could be depended upon to return from the shop at a little after half past five o'clock and to park his car in the narrow alley behind the apartment house. Mrs. Liggett worked with him at the office. Usually she came home with him. For some reason he drove habitually into the alley from such direction that while letting his wife out and unloading the groceries he stopped at the left-hand curb—the wrong side.

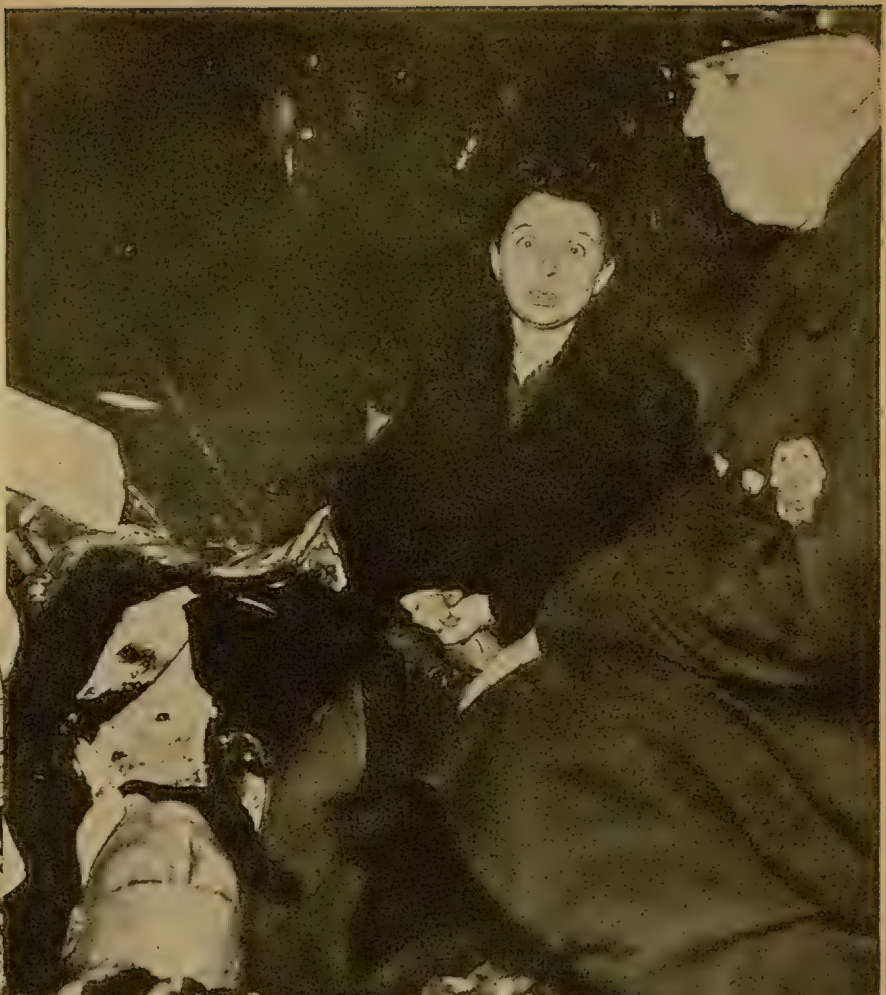
At about half past five that night a strange car with either two or three men inside drove into that alley from the direction opposite to Liggett's habitual course, and itself parked on the left-hand side. Its lights bore directly on the spot where Liggett's car would stop, and its engine was running. Five or ten minutes later, Liggett arrived as usual. That night, his daughter Marda, ten years old, sat in the back seat with her mother; Liggett was driving, with the groceries for the family dinner on the seat beside him. He stopped, gathered the parcels into his arms, made some cheerful remark about a good feed, stepped out.

Just at that instant the other car started up. Liggett saw its headlights approaching and told Mrs. Liggett to stay where she was. From an open window of the moving car a submachine gun, poked so close to his back that it nearly touched him, discharged five slugs into the region of his heart. The assassin's car disappeared round the corner. . . . Mrs. Liggett holding his head in her lap; little Marda screaming, "Oh, daddy, don't die!" But Walter Liggett was already past help.

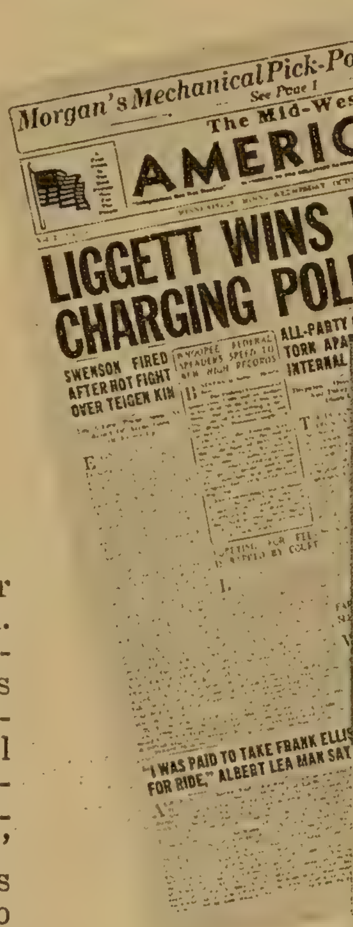
Whoever committed this cold-blooded murder exposed his bare face to the sight of Mrs. Liggett. And she identified him to the police as Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann. Bootlegger in the old days, agent for a liquor-manufacturing firm in this, indicted but released on a charge of passing hot money in the Urschel kidnaping case—Mrs. Liggett has never met him personally, but twice, according to her statement, her husband had pointed out Kid Cann to her in a public place. For months she had lived under the fear that something like this was going to happen. She was suspicious of all those men in that new liquor business which her husband had been assailing. And so, she said, she fixed that face, among others, in her mind.

There was, it would appear, another witness—this one purely accidental. A member of an affluent family in Minneapolis had served a short term in the local workhouse on the charge of defrauding an innkeeper. Kid Cann, in for a year on conviction of an offense against the liquor laws, served as waiter at the common table of the workhouse. According to his story as related to the newspapers and the police, this witness had just stepped out of an apartment house across the alley from Liggett's when the murder car started up. It nearly ran over him. He jumped back, cursing. And—so he said—he recognized Kid Cann sitting beside the driver with a submachine gun in his hands. Here there is a slight discrepancy in testimony, since Mrs. Liggett believes that the assassin fired through an open window beside the rear seat.

This witness did not see the actual shooting but, naturally, he heard it. He ran to Liggett, determined that he was gone, telephoned to the police, and then retired to the family farm. There a newspaper ran him down; a reporter and his own brother persuaded him to come



A picture that tells its own story — Mrs. Liggett beside the body of her husband.



Morgan's Mechanical Pick-Pockets Busy Again

See Page 1

The Mid-West

AMERICAN

LIGGETT WINS NEW VENU

CHARGING POLITICAL PL

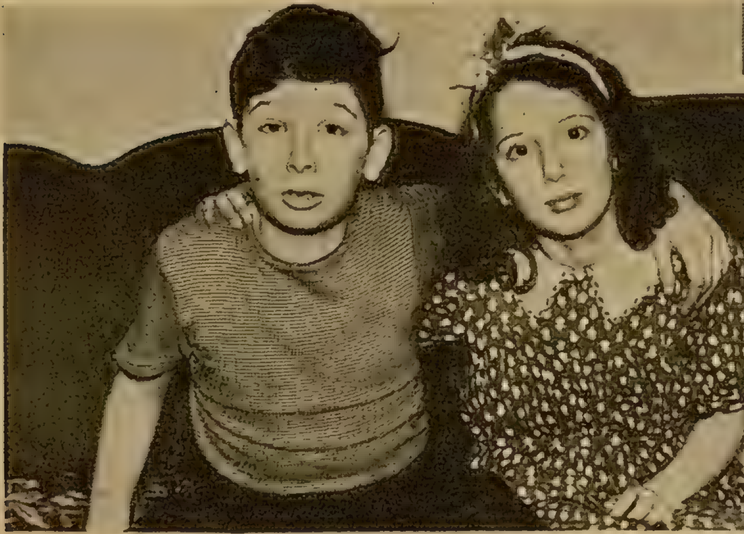
SWENSON FIRED AFTER HOT FIGHT OVER TEIGEN KIN

ALL-PARTY GANG TORN APART BY INTERNAL

JUDGE G SETS TR RAMSEY

"I WAS PAID TO TAKE FRANK ELLIS FOR RIDE," ALBERT LEA MAN SAY

Liggett's Midwest American.



At right, top to bottom: Governor Floyd Olson of Minnesota; Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann, indicted in the Liggett murder case; Howard Guilford, the first Minneapolis editor to denounce the local underworld — and fall to a gangster gun. Below: The Liggetts' children, Wallace and Marda. She saw her daddy murdered.

forward with a statement. On the other hand, Kid Cann presented to the police and presumably to the grand jury a detailed alibi, with witnesses. Also, two hours after the event one of Kid Cann's associates filed with the authorities a charge that Liggett had been trying to "shake him down." Liggett's subeditor and Mrs. Liggett deny this emphatically. Kid Cann is indicted but not yet tried; this is no time to pass an opinion as to his guilt or innocence.

The killing of Liggett was an underworld job—the use of a machine gun alone proves that. The murderer seems not to have worried about detection and prosecution. He wore no mask. He omitted the usual precaution of setting a lookout, else the other witness would not have stumbled into the affair.

These details, however, pale to insignificance beside an episode in the background. A private citizen of Minnesota may, upon introduction by a member, address the legislature. On Wednesday, December 11, Liggett was going to present ten reasons why Governor Floyd Olson, his pet abomination, should be impeached. He intended to use as a main argument the open vice, gambling, and bootlegging which have of late disgraced Minneapolis. "Believe me, I'm going to present proofs, too," he said. And Monday, December 9, he died as aforesaid.

Now for Howard Guilford, whose murder was strangely similar. He became a focus of national attention when the Minnesota legislature enacted its "gag law," giving local dignitaries the right arbitrarily to suppress a "dangerous" newspaper. They began with Guilford's violent weekly, the Saturday Press, published in Minneapolis. Many journalists of Minnesota believe that this was only the entering wedge. Squelching this newspaper might serve as an approved precedent for silencing any editor opposed to the party in power.

Guilford filed a suit. The case went to the United States Supreme Court, which decided it in his favor. He leaped back into the arena with his Pink Sheet, a weekly, concerned with both public sins and private derelictions but specializing on vice and crime in the Twin Cities. One day in 1927 he was sitting in his car when some one drove up beside him and casually shot him in the abdomen. He recovered. The police arrested two men. Their case died before it came to trial. Shortly afterward the Pink Sheet faded out. Guilford supported himself thereafter by a clipsheet which furnished harmless political items to the country newspapers.

Then one day in September, 1934, he was easing his roadster to a stop when a sedan drove up from behind and a man seated beside the driver fired one shot through the window beside his head. Here comes an odd detail which bears the tag of the underworld. The weapon was a shotgun. The murderer had drawn the missiles from a buckshot shell, had with a sharp knife cut them into little shreds and spirals of lead, had poured them back, had rewadded the shell. His motives in this? Two, probably. A shotgun firing slugs might perhaps leave its autograph. More importantly, a load of round buckshot fired at the window of a car might be deflected, whereas a tangle of soft metal would travel as a solid mass. It bored a neat hole in the window, hit Guilford in the back of the head, scattered fragments of lead all through his brain. The police made no arrests.

But here, too, the significant fact is in the background. Two or three days before his death Guilford gave notice in a radio speech that he was going to resume muckraking and would begin with vice, gambling, and large bootlegging operations in Minneapolis.

There you are again: An editor grew dangerous to the underworld; promptly he died from a gangster gun.

What is wrong in Minneapolis?

Answering that question involves a little history. About a quarter of a century ago the typical criminals of the Middle West and Northwest were the yeggs—roving burglars. These people were beginning to trouble St. Paul; and certain authorities concerned with keeping order entered into an agreement with them: Provided they let St. Paul alone while they were its guests, they might use it as a city of refuge.

SPEAKING generally, the underworld kept its part of the agreement. Minneapolis began to adopt the same policy. So, as the toll of crime and disorder rose in the rest of the country, the Twin Cities were able to point with pride to their clean record.

It was a shortsighted policy—as became apparent when Verne Miller, Verne Sankey, Harvey Bailey, John Dillinger, John Hamilton, Homer Van Meter, Baby-Face Nelson, Machine-Gun Kelly, Tommy Carroll, the Touhy gang, the Karpis gang—the most desperate public enemies this country has ever known—used St. Paul for a well guarded robber citadel. From it they trailed forth to commit bank robberies with murder in Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Wisconsin, the Dakotas. To it they returned to cut up the loot, blow it in, and plan at leisure new operations.

Enjoying this strange hospitality, they began to violate it. First they crossed the line between the Twin Cities to commit a big bank robbery in Minneapolis. Then, in St. Paul itself, they pulled off the kidnapings of Hamm, Bohn, and Bremer. The country was roaring at St. Paul by now; the underworld resorts teemed with inconvenient G-men, and the Attorney General of the United States called the Twin Cities our "crime capital."

The St. Paul News was already tilting, with news and exposés, at local conditions. The News stands in a singularly strong position for a fight like this. It is strongest, perhaps, in the courage and honest craft of its publisher, Howard Kahn. Policemen neutralized by contact with such a system as St. Paul had known for twenty years, and the politicians who condoned crime, found themselves on the defensive. There were investigations, with whitewash.

One fine afternoon, people of the best residence district sat beside their radios listening to a speech by a man representing the grand jury. That body, he said, had looked into the charges. They were much exaggerated. The city stood notable for its purity. At this point, volley after volley of machine-gun fire drowned out the voice on the air. The interruption was John Dillinger, shooting his way past the G-men.

That coincidence, coming on the eve of an election, was possibly the main factor in putting a new administration into power. The News now imported Wallace Jamie, son of a member of Chicago's Secret Six, himself a resourceful investigator, and set him to work.

By methods not yet revealed, he tapped the telephone wires into certain city departments and attached them to a machine which registers conversations on phonograph records. When the News sprang four hundred of these human documents, thirteen members of the police force found themselves expelled or suspended. Since his exposé, St. Paul has had only one murder, and that a crime of passion.

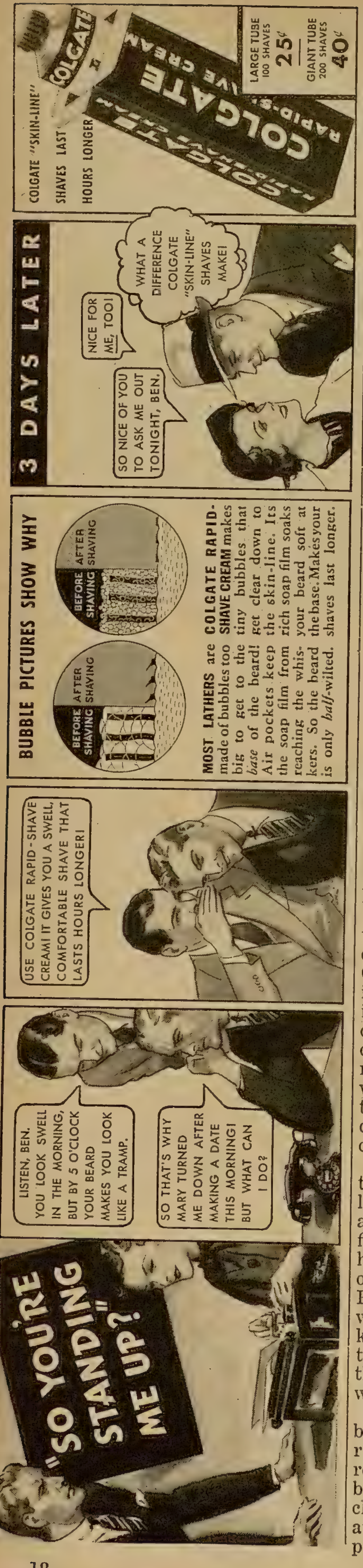
As the upper world closed down gradually but relentlessly on the underworld of St. Paul, the big shots fell by the wayside. The chiselers and the little shots slipped across and set up shop in Minneapolis. Eschewing the larger and more desperate crimes, they now organized prostitution, gambling, the distribution and operation of fixed slot machines.

In the midst of this movement, prohibition died its sudden death. The state adopted a set of laws to regulate the liquor traffic—almost ideal laws, it seems to me. But the boys went right on bootlegging. And certain "agents" for local liquor have begun to apply to retail dealers those ruthless methods of salesmanship which, of old, Al Capone employed in Chicago or Dutch Schultz in New York. Prostitution has of late begun to creep from the parlor houses into the streets.

PERHAPS this all comes back to what a reformer of Minneapolis calls a "rotten municipal setup." Minneapolis still clings to an authoritative city council, elected by wards; a system which belongs to the days of Andrew Jackson and which works badly nowadays. The chief of police has little real power. That resides, theoretically, in the mayor. But since Governor Olson shifted from straight Farmer-Labor government to his "all party" system, gathering most of the expert politicians, good or bad, under one tent, the situation has drifted even further from effective service. The various authorities owe their chief allegiance to different politicians or groups of politicians.

Now and then in recent years the city has witnessed a brief spasm of efficiency in curbing vice. Even today certain limited districts are kept clean. But permanent and general efficiency is impossible under such a setup. Even though no elected or appointed official ever takes a cent of graft, it breaks down in the face of organized and ruthless crime.

Into this situation burst Liggett. A native of Minnesota, he had wan-



"SO YOU'RE STANDING ME UP?"
LISTEN, BEN. YOU LOOK SWELL IN THE MORNING, BUT BY 5 O'CLOCK YOUR BEARD MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TRAMP.
SO THAT'S WHY MARY TURNED ME DOWN AFTER MAKING A DATE THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT GIVES YOU A SWELL, COMFORTABLE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half-wilted.* **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the *skin-line.* Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

3 DAYS LATER
SO NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME OUT TONIGHT, BEN.
NICE FOR ME, TOO!
WHAT A DIFFERENCE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES MAKE!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

dered far before, nearing fifty, he came home to die. When it came to a fight, he knew neither fear nor surrender, coolness nor discretion. I have had my own hot difference with him in the past. Having once locked horns with Herbert Hoover on a question of Russian relief, he published in 1932 a book about Hoover wherein, taking report and conjecture as gospel truth, he painted an irritatingly unfair portrait. So, when he plunged into his lone fight, he possibly did unconscious injustice to some citizens of the Twin Cities.

At all events, the mean persecutions which he endured from mysterious persons did nothing to tone down this natural fighter. His widow, carrying bravely on, has told the story elsewhere. There were niggling little raids on their sources of income. Over the telephone sinister voices spoke of kidnaping the children. Repeatedly some one ransacked the Liggett apartment. While he was taking a drink with a man whom he had been denouncing, four or five husky strangers attacked Liggett. They broke his collar-bone and they cracked his jaw. He had not recovered when he was arrested on a "sex charge." He managed to get a change of venue. Opening the case as his own lawyer, he declared that it was a frame-up. And a jury acquitted him. "There has been perjury in this case," said the judge. A fortnight later Liggett was dead.

HE was roughly and generally right about one thing, at least—the state of civic virtue in Minneapolis. Living, he might have failed. But dead, he may go down as the man who led the way for a clean-up. This brutal and brazen affair seems to have awakened old-fashioned moral indignation. The Law and Order League has demanded officially not only energetic action in the Liggett case, but a thorough inquiry into the conditions behind it. Other organizations have passed resolutions to the same effect. Municipal reformers are sending their families out of town for safety and getting ready for the finish fight.

Larger civic bodies, however, seem still to preserve their calm. It is a matter which should concern them vitally. No city ever had such a piece of reverse advertising. There is only one way to erase this impression—not only to convict whoever killed Liggett, but to change the conditions which led up to the murder.

Getting at the truth about crime and vice in Minneapolis and finding the persons most responsible will be a long and difficult job—too difficult, perhaps, for any private agency. It demands an official body having the power to summon witnesses, to punish perjury, and to guarantee protection. The best instrument for the purpose is the state legislature. It is up to that body—and to Governor Olson.

THE END

No-risk tobacco offer still open to readers of Liberty!

LISTEN TO WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT P. A.

JOHN TENNANT *(above)* says: "Prince Albert has a mild, mellow, soothing flavor. You get a slower, cooler smoke that's easy on the tongue."

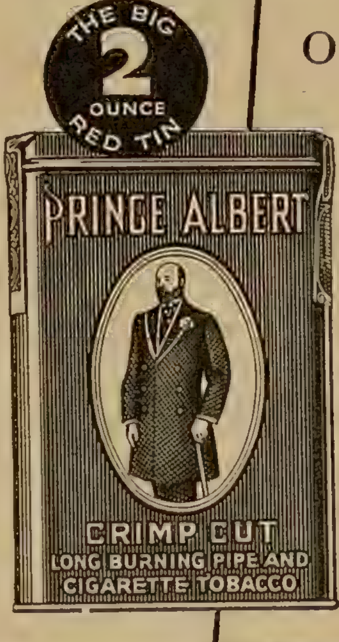
HOWARD MOSS keeps 4 or 5 pipes handy—loads a fresh one each time with Prince Albert. He says: "P. A. has a rich flavor that's different. The big 2-ounce P. A. tin holds more tobacco, too."

IN asking that you try Prince Albert for your pipe smoking, we point to the satisfaction found by others, as typified by the smokers shown here. And then, after you try Prince Albert, if you are not delighted, we return your money. Our slogan: "You must be pleased."

Money-Back Offer Held Open—Men everywhere have tried Prince Albert since this plan was first announced. Others mean to as soon as possible. So we are extending this remarkable offer for another month.

"How can you make such an offer?" some have asked. Here's the answer: *We know that men can easily tell "class" in a smoking tobacco once they try it!* And, once smokers try Prince Albert, no other brand will do.

Prince Albert is made from choice tobaccos. It is "crimp cut" for slow, cool burning. All "bite" is taken out by a special P. A. process. And Prince Albert is packed in *tins*. So read our offer now. P. A. makes swell roll-your-own smokes too.



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OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

"You must be pleased"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

STORMY HEARTS

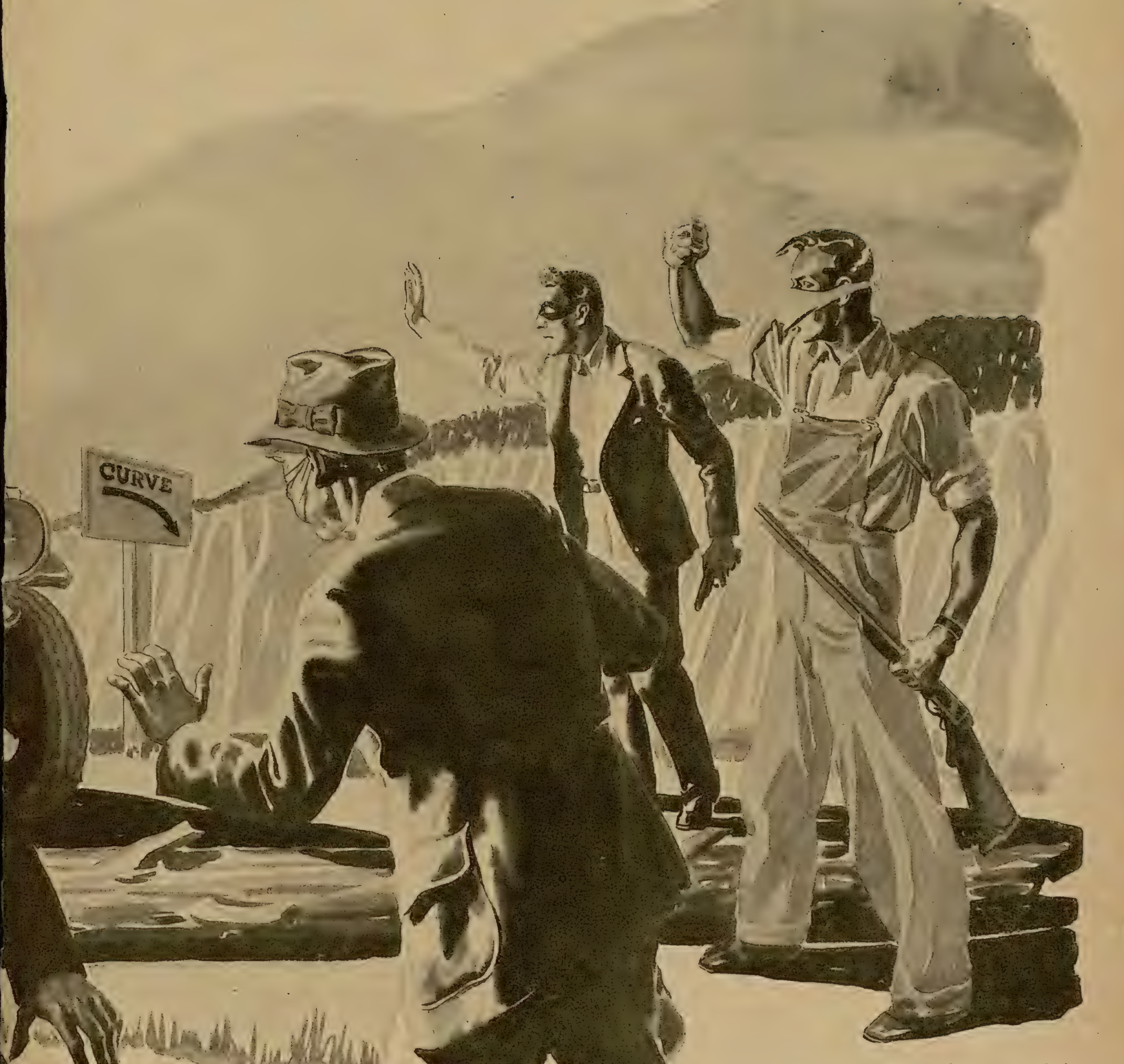
READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 46 SECONDS

YOUNG Jard Shellstrom, a senior at Princeton University, returns to his room one sunny day in spring to find his mother there, seriously ill of shock. He had thought her in Oregon on the family ranch, the Halfmoon Cross. From her faltering lips he learns that his father has vanished mysteriously.

"He must be dead," his mother gasps. "And you mustn't go back there." A few minutes later she is dead.

Determined to learn the truth, Jard packs up and drives to Oregon. Near the ranch he meets Mavis Calhoun, the lovely daughter of his father's most hated enemy. The feud between the elders means nothing to her. She tells Jard his father has been missing for more than a year. His mother had tried pathetically to keep this from him. In cryptic phrases she hints of a vigilante group to which her father belongs, and warns Jard to leave the country immediately. At the ranch Jard receives another warning, this time from a neighbor farmer, Robert Van Wyck, a former by ELI COLTER

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



The engine roared as Terry jammed down the gas pedal. "It's our only chance!" he groaned. "We stop now and we're gone!"

A Battle for Life on the Open Road and for Love in the Souls of Two Women Bring a Chapter of New, Tense Excitement in a Vivid Novel Out of the West

professor. Frantically Jard tries to regiment aid, but succeeds in getting only the two husky Graham brothers, Nort and Phil. In a desperate step to learn the truth about his father's disappearance, Jard visits Calhoun alone. There he is warned to leave the country within three weeks.

That night two young hitchhikers, Joe Leigh and his lovely sister Chloe, seek shelter at the Halfmoon Cross. They learn of Jard's predicament and volunteer their services. Plans to bring an army of unemployed men from Portland are made. Jard has just bidden Chloe good night when Mavis calls at the ranch. She tells him of her father's threats and secret meetings of the organization and again warns him to leave. But when she learns of Chloe's presence her jealousy flares. She begs to stay. "It's pure charity," she pleads.

PART THREE—"WE'LL KILL EVERY MAN!"

JARD'S finely chiseled face softened, and the wild beauty of Mavis's dark features flaming in the moonlight shook him beyond his better judgment. He bent from his tall height, swept her up into his arms, and carried her to the porch. He dropped into the swing, with her slim body still hugged against his breast.

"Charity my eye!" he muttered against her cheek. "To whom? It's madness, you silly little devil—that's what it is! Is this what you wanted?"

"It's what I've wanted all my life, only you didn't know it." She returned his kiss with passionate abandon. "I don't want that girl here! I don't want any other girl around you. She can't have you!"

"Don't be such an idiot!" Jard shook her slim body. Then his arms slipped around her and he gathered her close. "She doesn't want me. Or at least she's shown no signs of wanting me yet. You're a biased little nut."

"I am not! Give her time! Any woman would want you. Oh, let's don't go fighting again. Let me be quiet and rest. I've been so frightened ever since you came home."

"Same old Stormy! O. K., darling, go ahead and rest. I could stand a little myself."

An hour later, the silver coupé fled away down the highway into the night. Nort Graham had long since slipped down to the door to see what was detaining Jard, and had gone back to bed with a grin on his face. Jard little dreamed, as he went up the stairs to his room, that Chloe Leigh watched him from her darkened room through the crack of the door ajar. . . .

The next morning Jard was up before daylight. He slipped quietly down the stairs to the kitchen, to prepare breakfast for Joe. Before Jard had the meal ready Joe was dressed and downstairs to join him. Over the breakfast table they talked in snatches of desultory conversation. Then Jard led Joe out to the garage where the green roadster waited.

"Make it as snappy as possible, Joe. Nort and Phil will have the trucks ready to roll before you can get back here. Pick your mechanics and carpenters for ability. Pick the others for size and guts."

"Leave it to me!" Joe's eyes twinkled. "Hold the fort till I come back, and for heaven's sake keep the weather eye open." He waved a hand as the car gathered speed around the turn and shot down the highway. Jard returned to the house to find Chloe getting breakfast for herself and the two Grahams. She turned at the sound of his entering footsteps.

"Joe's gone?"

"Just left." Jard halted by the kitchen table. "I told him to bring you some clothes from town, Chloe. I hope that's all right with you?"

"Oh, surely!" Chloe deftly slipped three rashers of bacon into the smoking pan on the stove. "That's awfully decent of you. You'd better call Nort and Phil. I have breakfast almost ready." But as he turned toward the stairway she halted him. "Oh, Jard? Who was that girl who was here last night?"

HE looked at her from under ridged brows. "That was Mavis Calhoun, Chloe. She came to tell me that her father has already called two of his secret meetings since my return." He came slowly back to face the girl standing flushed and much occupied before the stove. "She'll likely be coming here every time there is anything to tell me. She's the same old Stormy Weather. You didn't think I was impertinent last night, did you?" He lifted a hand to her shoulder, and her gray eyes flashed up to meet his. "I simply couldn't help myself, Chloe. And I'm not apologizing. All my life I've dreamed of a girl with yellow hair, like you."

"We'll let it go at that." She smiled impishly. "I'm practically in love with you already."

"Now I'm the one who's dreaming!" Jard slipped his arm across her shoulder. "You couldn't possibly mean it."

Chloe drew herself free, her eyes dancing. One small hand darted to his forearm. Thumb and finger came together in a hard pinch that made him start. "You're *not* dreaming!" she retorted. "Go call Nort and Phil to breakfast."

After the breakfast was cleared away, Jard and the two Grahams went out to look over the trucks and the tractors. Phil went over the two trucks quickly.

"I can have them ready for you in two days, easy, with Nort's help. Then we'll get busy with the tractors," he told Jard.

"Well, you go ahead with that work," said Jard. "I'm going to put the new battery in the sedan and give it a good going over. See you later."

But, as he worked, Jard frowned over his own vacillation. The girl with the pale-honey hair was the girl he had dreamed of, the girl he had hoped to find somewhere. Mavis was a friend and a pal, but her beauty did something to him—shook him so violently that he couldn't keep his dreams of the blonde girl mist-free.

He had the sedan in usable order by the time Chloe called the three men to their noon meal.

"Well, the old sedan rolls again," he announced. "After we eat I'll take you on a tour of inspection, if you care to go, Chloe. I've been thinking all morning about our resources here."

"It needs a little thinking, I'd say," Nort replied. "If Joe brings back a hundred and fifty men with him, we're going to need some grub!"

JARD glanced at him across the table. "There's a scattered crop of volunteer truck stuff, Nort. It's runty and untended, but it's plenty edible."

"I'm no farmer," said Chloe. "What's volunteer stuff?"

Jard grinned. "Nobody planted it. It came up of itself from last year's unharvested crop."

They drove over the rolling acres of cropland, along the roads that divided the fields, and on to the feet of the mountains and hills where the cattle ranged. As Jard swung the sedan about to take the homeward course, traveling down a dirt road that for a few rods paralleled the highway within plain sight, a silver streamlined coupé came shooting down the pavement. As it flashed abreast of the sedan, the coupé careened to a dead stop on screaming tires and deliberately remained at a standstill till the sedan had passed.

Chloe gave Jard a sharp glance of surprise. "Your friend Mavis Calhoun again, Jard? I'd say that the nickname of Stormy fits her."

"Oh, it fits her all right," Jard agreed. . . .

That night Calhoun answered the telephone to a call from Toby Thurm. "I got hold of something you ought to know," Toby informed him.

"Yes?" Calhoun asked quickly. "What's that?"

"Shellstrom isn't alone over there." At Calhoun's explosive curse Toby chuckled.

"Who the hell has he got there? Where did he get anybody?" Calhoun demanded in swiftly risen fury.

"Damned if I know," Toby answered. "I don't know any of 'em. But he has three men and one woman there. You'll play hell getting a chance to burn that house down, Oll. It isn't going to be left unguarded."

"How did *you* know what I was planning to do?" Calhoun countered.

"Oh, I just guessed at it, knowing you. Any orders?"

"No. Stick around there and keep your eyes on them, that's all. What's going on?"

"Not much," Toby returned with unctuous nonchalance. "Two of the fellows he has there are putting the trucks in order. I'd guess that he's planning a trip to Pendleton for supplies."

"Well, we'll block him somehow. The minute any of them goes out with that truck, let me know. I'll get the men together and plan action tonight. Get back there and keep on the job."

But that night, when the men met in the house in the draw, Toby Thurm's car was parked behind the big boulders again, and Toby himself was lying hidden in the room overhead.

"Shellstrom's determined to make a mess for us," Calhoun told the assembled eleven. "Toby phoned me today. He has three men and a woman there, and they're reconditioning the trucks. That means just one thing. He's sending to Pendleton for supplies. We can't allow those supplies to reach the Halfmoon Cross."

"How you goin' to stop 'em?" Zan Brenner inquired.

"We'll wreck the truck and kill every man on it! That's how we'll stop 'em."

"How do you think we're going to wreck a truck on the open highway in broad daylight and not get caught at it?" demanded Halpole. "It looks pretty risky to me!"

"That's because there isn't anything in your head!" Calhoun retorted, with a brutal scorn that made Halpole flush. "There are three dangerous places on the highway that we're going to make use of. One is the curve at the top of the hill, just below the turn-off to Macon's ranch. It's isolated; there isn't a house within range of vision anywhere. The slope cuts down from the highway in a good three-hundred-foot drop."

"Yeah!" agreed Zan. "A truck goes over there and—powie! She's finish!"

"Well, it's going over at one of the three places," Calhoun said. "The other two spots—I'll point them out to you in a minute—are quite as dangerous. Cars are going off the highway there every now and then. Nobody will think anything about it."

"But how are you going to accomplish it without running our own heads into a noose?" Van Wyck asked, his voice anxious and worried.

"Four men, cached in the trees with a heavy pole," answered Calhoun grimly. "Masked men. The minute the truck gets close enough, out rush the men with the pole. The pole is slammed down in front of the truck. The truck goes over the bluff. The four men and the pole disappear. What matter if the men on the truck do see the act? They'll never live to tell about it!"

"But suppose there are other cars in sight?" Hassalo protested.

"THEN the truck goes by, fool!" Calhoun made a gesture of weariness. "Are you all as stupid as Zan? Why do you suppose we're going to pick three places? The truck can't pass all three without there being a clear road at one of them. Shellstrom may be on the truck and he may not. If he isn't, he'll know why the 'accident' happened, but he'll never be able to find a shred of proof. A few blows like that ought to be enough for him. He's the only one who is any real menace to us anyway."

"Menace to me 'n' you," muttered Zan Brenner. "We're the ones that'll hang."

"I'm a little bit tired of hearing that!" said Calhoun furiously. "I can think of it plenty often without your continual reminder. Now get out of here, all of you. I'll let you know when the truck leaves. I have to get home. I might hear from Toby at any time."

Toby himself waited till they had quite gone. Then he went to his car, got into it, and drove slowly away. He had been keeping a close watch on the Halfmoon Cross from a ridge to the north. He had seen Joe Leigh drive away in the green roadster, but for reasons of his own he had kept that knowledge to himself. He was watching more intently for Joe's return than for anything else.

Joe came back two nights later. He

No change in the package

BUT, BOY!... wait 'til you taste these DOUBLE-MELLOW cigarettes!

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

Made from PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS

LORILLARD has been in the tobacco business 175 years.

But never, in all that time, has Lorillard seen finer tobacco than the PRIZE CROPS in *Double-Mellow* Old Golds.

We know only one way to give you the thrill of these tobaccos. Words can't do it, but a few *double-mellow* smokes will.

So we invite you to smoke half a pack of *"Double-Mellows"* without risking a penny. Either they're the best cigarettes you ever tasted, or you get "double pay" for your trouble.

DOUBLE-MONEY-BACK OFFER

as made to smokers since Oct. 6, 1935

TAKE a sporting chance on a pack of *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. Smoke ten of the cigarettes. If you don't say they're the finest you ever tasted, *mail* the package wrapper with the ten remaining cigarettes to us, at any time before May 1st, 1936, and we'll send you *double* the price you paid, *plus postage.*

P. Lorillard Company
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119 West 40th Street, New York City

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ALL OLD GOLD CIGARETTES NOW ON SALE, NATION-WIDE, ARE *DOUBLE-MELLOW*

rolled in shortly after dusk had fallen, and went into the house accompanied by another man. He found Jard, Chloe, and the two Graham boys all gathered in the living room.

"Anything doing while I've been gone?" he asked in greeting.

"Not a thing; not a sign of anybody," Jard answered, with a curious glance at the burly dark man beside Joe. "They're lying low, watching to see what our next move will be. *My* next move, I should say, since they don't know I have anybody here with me. Did you get your men?"

"I did." Joe advanced into the room, drawing the burly dark man with him. "This is one of them. Terry Flynn. He's a good mechanic and a good scrapper, so I brought him along with me. This man is your boss, Flynn—Jard Shellstrom. These people are my sister and Phil and Nort Graham. Sit down, Terry."

"How many men did you hire?" Jard inquired.

"One hundred and thirty-four two-fisted and hard-headed men ready for anything, not including Terry. As per your instructions, they begin gathering in the jungles along the river at The Dalles tonight. Have you got the trucks in order?"

"Yes, both of them."

"That's a lot of men, Jard," Joe went on. "We can get them here all right, but where are we going to put them?"

Jard laughed. "The whole lot of them could sleep in the barn loft if they had to. I'm more concerned with feeding them. How many cooks did you get?"

"Two—logging-camp cooks. But there are three others who can cook if they're needed to do it, Jard."

"Good going!" Jard approved. "Chloe and I made a thorough inspection of the volunteer crops while you were gone. We can rake up enough vegetables to feed us all for a couple of months. But we have to have staples that we can't get near here. Tomorrow morning you and Terry take one of the trucks and shoot up to Pendleton and lay in ten sacks of flour and several drums of gasoline."

The truck went out before daylight the next morning. The plan was that the vehicle should reach town before the stores were open, load up with the needed supplies the moment they could be purchased, and head back to be in at the ranch before noon.

Terry drove, with Joe in the seat beside him. They arrived in Pendleton unmolested, purchased their supplies, and started back. As they swung down the highway below Ammerville, a little town well to the south of Pendleton, they emerged into a waste of isolated uninhabited country. Several miles onward they came to a dangerous curve at the crest of a long hill.

Terry shot the truck up the hill at a fifty-mile pace. As he approached the curve he slowed down to forty miles. To his left the earth fell away in a 300-foot drop.

"I bet many a car's gone over that sweet little bank," he remarked idly to Joe. "It's a sure—"

Four masked men were rushing into the highway, bearing between them a long pole. Even as Terry's and Joe's gaze encompassed them, the men threw the pole squarely across the highway and leaped back.

TERRY went white, but he set his jaw and hunched to the wheel. The engine roared as he jammed down the gas pedal. The big truck hurtled ahead.

"It's our only chance!" he groaned. "Hang on, Joe! We stop now and we're gone!"

He gripped the steering wheel with hands that whitened at every joint. He set his teeth and the curses that flowed from his lips were in reality a stark prayer.

The truck struck the pole at fifty-five miles, jolted, swayed dangerously, swerved wildly, almost catapulting the supplies out of the rear of the body. The steering wheel gave a vicious jerk. But the truck roared on down the highway, swaying and skidding, gradually righting itself to a steady pace again.

The four masked men looked at one another in blank dismay, then swooped to pick up the pole and rush it off the highway. In a moment they disappeared.

"God Almighty!" Joe leaned against the seat back and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "I thought we were gone!"

Terry wet his dry lips with his tongue. "We damn near was! But all the damage they did is pretty easily mended." He held up a bleeding right hand, torn by the steel flange of the steering wheel. "First blood, fella! They mean business!"

Jard was furious when he heard what had happened.

"We can't shut half an eye from now on, boys! They won't dare to try that again, but there's no telling what they will try. Now who the hell do you suppose Calhoun has spying around here?"

And Toby Thurm, concealed on the ridge to the north, was saying the same thing to himself. Zan Brenner, cutting across the country on his way home, had stopped to inform Toby of the failure to wreck the truck, and Toby sat hunched on a stump watching the truck come in with the supplies.

"Who told him? That's what I want to know!" he muttered to himself. "I know damned well *I* didn't! Why, hell! Zan told him, of course. That's what he was doing around here last night. Check and double-check, eh? Calhoun's too damned slick to be human. I guess I better go call that egg up. He's going to get ahead of me if I don't look sharp."

FROM the house in the draw he called Calhoun, and Calhoun was all bland control overlaying seething fury. "It's none of your business who else I've got keeping me informed," he said curtly. "How did you miss seeing that truck go out?"

"They went before daylight," Toby defended himself.

"You could have heard it, you dolthead! That's what the other man did. Now that plan's shot. We don't dare risk that again. We'll have to take stronger measures."

"I guess," Toby agreed. "What you going to do now?"

"There are more ways than one to wreck a truck!" snapped Calhoun, and hung up the receiver.

"Humph!" Toby muttered to himself.

That night again the truck went out after dark, followed by the second truck. The two vehicles crept along the highway without lights till they were beyond the immediate notice of the territory they sought to evade. Before daylight they returned with the first lot of men, to report that they had made the trip without molestation. Both the regular cooks were in the first lot. Joe had made certain of that. The next night he and Terry brought the rest of the men, and still they were unhindered.

"There's something funny about that," Joe commented to Jard with a frown. "Do you suppose we could have managed it so quietly that we really did escape anybody's notice?"

"It's very possible," Jard answered. "But we can't miss a bet. We'll have to keep our eyes on every corner Oliver can turn."

Jard began the segregation of his workers. Jobs of carpentry waited in numerous places. Nine of the men were seasoned cowboys, and Jard viewed the fact with satisfaction. There were horses to be caught up, horses to be broken, strayed cattle all over the range.

He found three other mechanics among the men besides Terry Flynn, and he set them to work with Nort and Phil Graham reconditioning the tractors. He set the rest of the men to work at whatever there was to do. The work swung into full action—and there wasn't a move or a sign from Oliver Calhoun.

"I tell you, I don't like it!" Joe reiterated for about the tenth time. "Everybody in the territory has to know that you have a crew of men at work here, but there hasn't been a peep out of anybody. We haven't even seen anything of your old pal Stormy for several days. It doesn't look good to me."

"N-n-no, it doesn't look so hot to me, either," Jard agreed, frowning. "I fear Calhoun's lying low and plotting."

"If we could only get some hint of *what* he's plotting!" Chloe leaned on the arm of her chair, and her fair forehead creased in a scowl. The three were sitting in the living room after the end of the day's work. "And you haven't found the least trace of your father yet, have you, Jard?"

"I haven't. Have you?"

Chloe shook her blonde head. "No. And I've been over this house with a fine-tooth comb from garret to cellar. There isn't a thing to *be* found. But there *has* to be some trace of him somewhere, Jard. He couldn't simply step off into thin air. Somebody has to know something!"

"Oh, there are several of them around here who know," Jard said bitterly. "Calhoun knows. I'd wager that a handful of his immediate outfit knows. But how are we going to get it out of them? There's only one way. Make sure of our man and corner him. I'll do it sooner or later, and when I do I'll find ways of making him talk!"

"You'd better get hold of Toby Thurm and Nort Graham, then." Chloe turned meaning eyes on Jard.

"Nort and Toby!" Jard stared.

"I think I've found your spy right in the home guard, Jard. I was out in the hills today, beyond the horse pasture, in your green roadster. I saw Nort Graham talking to that Toby Thurm."

"Nort—up there?" ejaculated Jard. "What were he and Thurm doing?"

"They weren't doing anything but talking. They couldn't see me or the car. I was simply standing there, thinking about everything and looking at the mountains, when Nort Graham rode by on a horse. He passed me not more than fifty feet away, but he wasn't looking in my direction. When he got to that steep slope just above the pasture, Thurm came out of the trees and met him."

"Riding?"

"No; Thurm was afoot. Nort got off his horse, and the two of them stood there talking. I caught only enough to know that they were talking about your father and Calhoun. I distinctly heard Thurm call somebody a fool. They talked for a few minutes, and they seemed very excited. Then Nort got on his horse and started to ride away, and Thurm called after him, 'Remember, eleven o'clock tonight.' Then Thurm went back the way he had come, and I hurried home."

"You're sure it was Nort and Toby, Chloe?"

"I couldn't have been mistaken."

"Thurm's a queer character, Chloe. He's been the bad egg of the country for years. He's been wild and vicious since he was a mere kid. He's been in jail a couple of times, and nearly went to the penitentiary for manslaughter. But his father has money and he keeps going somehow. His father owns the place just beyond the hills where you saw him meeting Nort. But somehow I can't accept your insinuated idea that Nort is spying for Calhoun. Nort came here in good faith. If he was up there talking to Toby Thurm, he had an adequate reason for it."

Chloe raised distressed eyes to his face. "They were upset and excited, I tell you. I'm beginning to be afraid, Jard."

"Don't be!" Jard rose and crossed to where she was sitting, drew a chair close to her and laid a hand on one of hers. "We'll have men on watch all night."

JOE glanced across at his sister and Jard, got quietly to his feet and went out of the room.

"Sensible fellow," commented Jard. "I've been wishing I could have you to myself. Do you know, you could change the world for a man, Chloe—especially for a man who's dreamed about somebody like you all his life."

The girl flushed and her hand moved in his. "I—I was afraid that maybe Mavis held first place with you, Jard."

Jard frowned, shifted, and moved closer to her. That fair face! It sent something singing through him. Mavis had receded into the background.

"No," he said slowly. "No woman ever held first place with me before, Chloe. I think you walked into that place when you came. I've dreamed of a woman like you all my life. I've told you that. I ought to know my own mind, oughtn't I?"

"You will know some day," Chloe whispered.

"Yes." Jard leaned to lay a kiss on her mouth—a kiss

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that warmed as it lingered. "I'll know." . . .

Half an hour later he went out to talk to the men—to tell them of the inexplicable meeting between Nort Graham and Toby Thurm—to arrange the crew in position around the buildings in shifts.

Chloe sat where he had left her, thinking long thoughts, when she heard a step on the front porch. She got quickly to her feet and went into the hall. Mavis Calhoun stood in the open doorway, confronting her with curious and hostile eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Chloe.

"I want to see Jard." Mavis's brown eyes burned into the other girl. "Where is he?"

"He's busy outside." Chloe threw up her guard with the finesse of a fencer feinting. "Can't you tell me what you want?"

"Why should I tell you?" Mavis's dark brows rose in two high arches. "I want to see Jard. If you won't be civil enough to call him, I'll go find him myself."

Chloe stepped backward involuntarily, half startled at the flame in the dark beautiful face. "I'll—I'll go call him," she said. "You'd better step into the living room. He might not be able to come right away."

Mavis did not answer. She merely inclined her head slightly and passed on down the hall toward the living room. Chloe found Jard and Joe just coming up the back porch steps.

"What did Mavis want?" Jard asked. Chloe suppressed an indrawn breath. "She wants to see you. I was coming to call you."

Eagerness brushed Jard's face like a wing of light.

As he entered the living room Mavis whirled and walked directly to Jard. Her hands were flung out to grip his arms. "Jard, things are growing frighteningly bad fast. Those association men of father's have been quiet only because they have been making plans against you. You surprised them and rather upset their calculations when you brought such a crew in here—when you got that truckload of supplies through." She felt the start in Jard's body under the grip of her hands on his arms. "Oh, yes, I know all about it. I'm learning more every day. I'm becoming a first-class spy. But don't be where anybody can see you at eleven o'clock tonight."

"What's going on at eleven?" Jard asked.

"I don't know, Jard," Mavis pleaded. "Before God, I don't know! I've nearly run myself into dire trouble half a dozen times trying to learn something definite. But something is planned for eleven o'clock tonight. Get your defense in order and keep yourself safe for tonight. And tomorrow go quickly, before it's too late."

"Listen, Stormy." Jard caught both her arms and drew her close, looking down into her face. "For once and for all, *I'm—not—going!* No matter what they do, I'm not going. I have a crew of men here big enough to back any play I want to make, and to stop any play of theirs."

"Will you listen to reason?" Mavis sobbed. "You don't know what you're fighting! I'm only beginning to get the first real hint of it myself. Chloe!" She jerked free of Jard's hands and whirled to face Chloe. "Can't you do something with him? Can't you make him get out of here before it's too late? Haven't *you* some influence with him?"

Jard interposed before Chloe could speak: "Stormy darling, you're getting out of hand, literally and figuratively."

He swooped and caught her up in his arms before she had the slightest idea of his intent, carried her across the room and placed her in a chair. "Sit quiet for a minute and get yourself in line. We've got to get at the bottom of this."

Jard dropped into a chair, motioning Chloe to another within a foot of him. Then he leaned toward Mavis.

"Listen, Stormy. What's got you so frantic?"

Mavis straightened, bringing herself erect, leaning toward him. "I've learned that there is something far bigger behind all this than we thought there was. My father has hundreds of men at his command: this organization of his spreads all over the state. He's afraid of you, Jard—of something you may learn about him. I'm certain it concerns your father. He gave you three weeks to go away. Those three weeks are almost up. He'll get rid of you by some means if you stay! You don't know him."

Jard's face set into grim lines. "I'm staying, Mavis. I can't understand how any man could disappear as completely as my father did. The answer is right here, if we could only find it. And I'm going to find it before much more time elapses. I've got a hunch. We're right on the edge of something, if we can only break through. You'd better go home, Stormy. Oliver might find out you're coming over here and—"

"He doesn't care where I go," Mavis interrupted, sinking back into her chair. "I'm staying right here tonight. So don't argue with me."

Jard rose slowly to his feet. "I've no intention of arguing with you. I'd a little rather you did stay here. I'll feel safer about you. I'm going out to talk to Joe. I'll be back presently."

Neither girl spoke till he was gone from the room, beyond sound of their voices. Then Mavis's smoldering eyes wandered over Chloe's face.

"You're in love with him, aren't you?" she demanded.

Will Calhoun and his dreaded organization strike at the hour warned? And what about Nort Graham, the suspected spy? Is he responsible for this fearful situation? Follow further developments in this new novel of hearts, hate, and mystery in next week's installment.

TENSE, TURBULENT, TUNEFUL

Thrills in a Melodrama of the Airways; Fun in a Blend of Fights and Whimsey; Gaiety in a Film of Racy Rhythm

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ ½ CEILING ZERO

THE PLAYERS: James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, Stuart Erwin, Barton MacLane, Henry Wadsworth, Martha Tibbetts, Isabel Jewell, Craig Reynolds, Richard Purcell, Carlyle Moore, Jr., Garry Owen, James Bush. Directed by Howard Hawks. Play by Frank Wead.

THOUGH it contains fewer actual flying scenes than any other aviation film, Ceiling Zero is the most exciting picture of its sort since Hell's Angels roared across the screen. A tense, tightly fashioned, and tersely played melodrama, the picture is given the added advantage of being technically sound.

Ceiling Zero (meaning: fog on the ground) is a compelling record of the early days of air mail and regulated air travel. Even if its mood borders at times on hysteria, and even though the succession of crashes makes you wish for just *one* uneventful flight, this gripping picture is so smartly written, directed, and played that it offers just about all there is in the way of taut suspense.

James Cagney and June Travis in Ceiling Zero.

High-lighted with grand performances by Stuart Erwin, who scores in a serious role, and Garry Owen, who plays a mentally wrecked flyer, Ceiling Zero finds Jimmy Cagney doing his best work since Public Enemy. As Dizzy Davis, a brilliant but reckless flyer of the old school, he finds himself out of step with the organized and efficient modern aviation methods. There is real poignancy in this role, and his characterization has that honest mixture of faults and virtues that make the portrait something deeply alive and touching.

Ceiling Zero is concerned primarily with showing the obstacles—emotional, technical, and natural—that the pioneer flyers faced to make commercial aviation the smoothly functioning thing it is today. Condensed in dramatic form, this history is something to thrill all audiences, air-minded or not. Ably assisted by Pat O'Brien and June Travis, Cagney scores what can only be called a personal triumph.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmy Cagney is having usual pact difficulties with Warners, Jimmy's life having been a series of explosions resulting in increases, starting at $700 a week and mounting to $4,500. Jimmy wants fewer vehicles a year, more vitality and purpose in them, instead of sheer muscle and get-the-girl. Personally, I like him as a G-man who gets the girl. Jimmy is quiet around Warner plant; likes to talk politics; hopes, like all good Irishmen, yet to get into them. I'd like to see him run for President on the Millionaire-Socialist ticket, platform A Million Dollars for Everybody, which seems to be Jimmy's philosophy in life. . . . Pat O'Brien is the Most Popular at Warners, and Most Likely to Succeed. Likes to stop and chew the fat with any one. Is a quick study—quickest in Hollywood. Can learn his lines on way back to stage from lunch. Hates to play straight mush or whimsey. Pat never has salary difficulties; likes Irish whisky; has an Irish-baby complexion rivaled only by that of Mavourneen O'Brien, Jr.'s. . . . Author Lt. Com. Wead went through the war as a naval aviator untouched. After war, fell off chair and was paralyzed. . . . Director Howard Hawks is known as an unashamed borrower when story confecting. Rewrote a lot of this before the cameras. . . . June Travis has big eyes, big teeth, is dotter to White Sox owner.

★ ★ ★ PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Freddie Bartholomew, Gloria Stuart, Constance Collier, Michael Whalen, C. Henry Gordon, Pedro de Cordoba, Lumsden Hare, Walter Kingsford, Lester Matthews, Dixie Dunbar. Directed by Tay Garnett. Story by Damon Runyon.

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER is a slam-bang fairy tale set in one of those mythical countries somewhere near the Balkans. The picture has Victor McLaglen as bodyguard to a young wastrel. Rescuing his ward from café brawls is hardly stirring enough for this adventure seeker, so the burly Mr. McLaglen signs up with a couple of political schemers—his job being to kidnap the boy king of a turbulent and picturesquely costumed people.

With McLaglen hiding a heart of mush behind his medals, Professional Soldier manages to be both mirthful and exciting. It has, too, a rather thick but effective charm.

The screen play retains the pungent Runyon flavor, and as the picture picks up in excitement and incident after the kidnaping, Professional Soldier is as engrossing as it is farfetched. Splendidly played by its two stars, whose contrasting styles bring out the best in each other, the film abounds in chases, fights, and much slightly burlesqued intrigue.

Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart supply the conventional love interest, and Constance Collier and C. Henry Gordon are somewhat more than acceptable in supporting roles. You'll find Professional Soldier a sturdy and not too cloying blend of hard-boiled sentimentality.

VITAL STATISTICS: Vic McLaglen took this role seriously. Definitely a Kipling Soldiers Three rolled into one, he actually ran with that spitting 88-pound machine gun picking off those chocolate soldiers as if they were a hideous enemy assaulting the local Chamber of Commerce. Vic took a terrific shine to Freddie Bartholomew, showing off Freddie's precocity all over Twentieth-Fox lot. Freddie gave I Q tests, Vic taking quite a beating but enjoying it all. Vic gave Freddie a tear-gas gun for his car, for Christmas. McLaglen's Informer sent his salary from $25,000 per pic to $40,000 and his new film life's been assured by award of best performance

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EMPLOYERS

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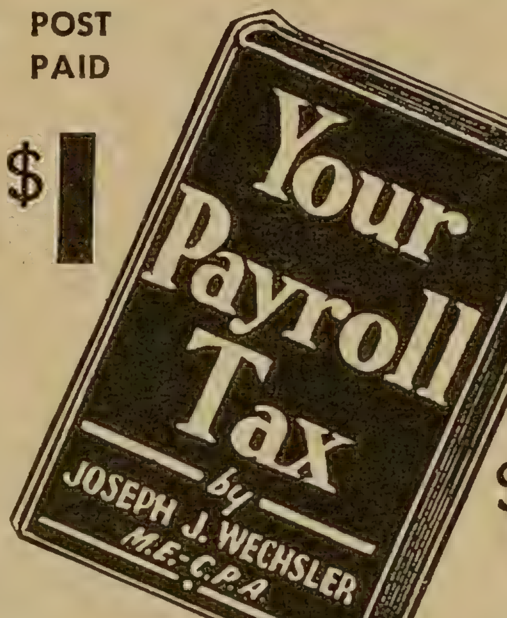

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of year for that role. . . . Freddie Bartholomew's lawsuit with his family's been settled. His aunt receives full custody and Freddie will support his sisters out of his $1,500 a week. Parents had turned Freddie over to his Aunt Cissie as a child. Then, when Freddie struck it rich, they wanted him back. Hollywood's working hard to preserve Freddie's British twang. . . . Contented blonde Gloria Stuart returns to work after giving the world Sylvia Vaughn Sheekman, contented blonde baby. She's the first actress Darryl Zanuck engaged on becoming head Foxer. 'S being groomed for Sarah Bernhardtihood. Gloria wants to teach her writer husband a culbertsonian game of bridge; keep chickens, dogs around as pets; have a little quarterback some day. . . . Directly after making last padded shot, director Tay Garnett packed his megaphone and left for China, where he will sail China Seas on private yot, shooting backgrounds for two stories.

★ ★ ★ THE KING OF BURLESQUE

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, Mona Barrie, Arline Judge, Gregory Ratoff, Herbert Mundin, Dixie Dunbar, Fats Waller, Nick Long, Jr., Kenny Baker, Charles Quigley, Paxton Sisters, Shaw and Lee. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Story by Viña Delmar.

THOUGH it spends too much time on the obvious and trite elements of its timeworn plot, The King of Burlesque remains capital cinema stuff. And because it ends with a musical show as racy and lilting as any of the new season, the picture leaves one with the feeling of having seen a grand picture. Which is just about all that counts, anyway.

The story on which The King of Burlesque hangs its attractive adornments does not much matter. But the plot's gaudy baubles are decidedly fetching. Energetic, ponyish Dixie Dunbar dances in a manner to start your feet tapping. Fats Waller turns the Harlem heat on a brace of rhythmic tunes. Nick Long, Jr., again demonstrates, as he did in Broadway Melody, that he comes as close as any dancer to rivaling Fred Astaire. Jack Oakie, Alice Faye, and Arline Judge cavort with a winning freshness and verve that sweeps the spectacular film into thoroughly diverting channels.

As the star of the piece, Warner Baxter takes himself very seriously. A successful showman in the slums, he brings the same sort of roughhouse entertainment uptown, where his offering meets with approval from the carriage trade. The socially ambitious producer falls in with a penniless society woman, whom he marries for strictly business reasons. The wife, Mona Barrie, persuades him to give up his commercial shows for something more artistic, and when Baxter's new and pretentious ventures flop, the elegant bride walks out on him.

While Baxter is left to wonder about women and life in general, his stooges, henchmen, and entertainers rally the destitute showman back to Easy Street. And in doing so they make The King of Burlesque a tuneful item that affords a great deal of sparkling pleasure.

VITAL STATISTICS: Twentieth Centurion Darryl Zanuck's office hours shame all Hollywood: from nine to six he labors, with possible twice-a-week two-hour polo practice. From six to nine he leads marital life at home with baby and wife Zanuck. Thence back to studio till 2 A. M. Will ask no one to do what he won't do himself. . . . Viña Delmar concocted this one originally for Darryl, based on her early back-powdering experience in the chorus line of the art burleycue. Viña's almost top author in Hollywood these days. . . . Alice Faye witnessed Jack Oakie signing stooge Cracker Henderson to a three-year contract after he found Cracker eating lunch privately with Warner Baxter, who'd taken a fancy to the young feller. Jack recently lost Cracker's brother to Gary Cooper. Jack used to wear sweat shirts even to New York night clubs till he met Peggy Joyce. Now even wears tails. Usually introduces new feminine stars around Hollywood, twice out with Jack being publicity tops. . . . Director Sidney Lanfield was member of our first jazz band. Manager of Reisenweber's, where Dixieland Jazz Band first went for tryout, wanted to throw them out until Al Jolson thought he'd heard something in their playing. So you who might want revenge know where to dish it out. . . . Mona Barrie, ye heavie, was handicapped by sleepless nights caused by alleged ghosts in her new Los Feliz home, said ghosts being Vicente Feliz, original territory owner, returning to haunt American gov't for land wrested from him.

★ ½ THREE LIVE GHOSTS

THE PLAYERS: Richard Arlen, Beryl Mercer, Claude Allister, Charles McNaughton, Cecilia Parker, Dudley Digges, Nydia Westman, Jonathan Hale, Lillian Cooper, Robert Greig. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. From the play by Frederick Isham.

DESPITE its somewhat supernatural title, there is little about Three Live Ghosts to frighten any one. It's a musty and rather stiffly told farce that follows the fantastic careers of three ex-soldiers whom the War Office has recorded as officially dead.

These three—Richard Arlen, Charles McNaughton, and Claude Allister—return from the front to peaceful London, where they pick up the threads of their interrupted lives. Arlen is what the thrillers call a fugitive from justice; Allister is a shell-shocked victim of amnesia; and McNaughton, third of the "dead" trio, is a complacent cockney loafer.

How they work their way back to their rightful places in the world involves a lot of silly antics that should have made Three Live Ghosts both exciting and comic. The chief reasons that the tepid picture becomes neither is that it allows its star, Richard Arlen, and its prettiest player, Cecilia Parker, to spend most of their time on the side lines. And Beryl Mercer, who seems always to be in front of the camera, suffers so many spasmodic fits of the "cutes" that she sets some sort of record for post-youthful coyness. The rest of the cast perform in that vague manner known as adequate.

VITAL STATISTICS: After twelve years of screen juvenility, Dick Arlen's problem is to grow old. Physically he is as fresh and young as when he started. Seems doomed to play kissable heroes till he grows to Barrymore age. This is his M-G-M debut. Longs for the day when another Wings role pops his way, but can take his actual aviating or leave it, despite being an R. F. C. loot during that war we had. . . . Claude Allister's a fellow you see sitting in the window of every club in England. Pronounces it Elster. Thinks England a great place to go back to but prefers to win his checks on the playing fields of Hollywood. . . . Beryl Mercer is an original Three Live Ghostee, as is Charles McNaughton, both playing it on the stage and screen. Usually being typed as a sweet old maw, Beryl likes he-men, she-women. . . . McNaughton'd sleep on a five-cushion billiard table if he could.

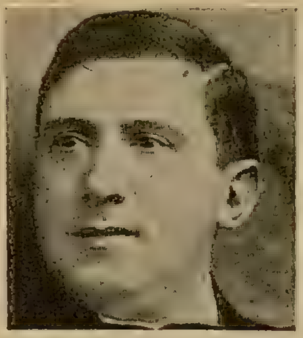
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams.

★★★—Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.



1—The early photo (at the right) is of a "shirt-sleeve millionaire," born in 1862, who drove a stage as a boy, launched ships during the War, and rules a mighty corporation. Who is he?

2—Was Camille a novel or a play?

3—Who is Little Poker Face?

4—If members of England's House of Commons are paid £400 a year, how much do members of the House of Lords receive?

5—What was the combined weight of the Dionne quins at birth?

6—According to nomenclature of the United States navy, what are wherries?

7—What have sheep, cows, deer, giraffes, goats, and camels in common?

8—Why should recidivists be in jail?

9—Is there a river in Death Valley?

10—The father of what leading American was a blacksmith and died when his son was eleven?

11—What color metal results from alloying gold with aluminum?

12—Aboard ship, what are drift currents?

13—How is steam used as a disinfectant?

14—Although the United States Weather Bureau was not established until 1871, why is it that the year 1816 is considered memorable?

15—Which foods contain copper?

16—What play, barred in Chicago, is in its third year on Broadway?

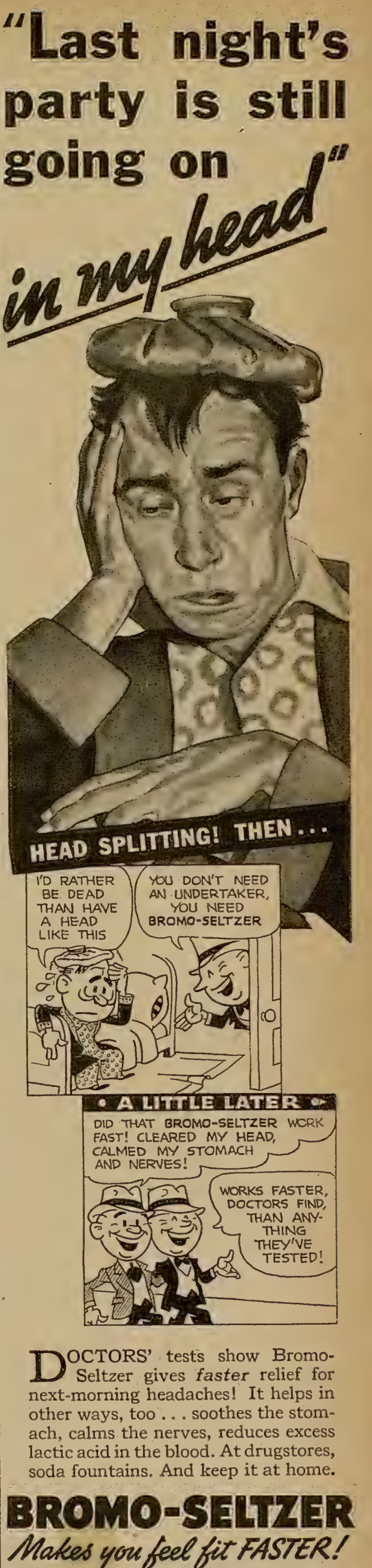
17—Who created Uncle Remus?

18—Which Vice-President did not preside over the Senate?

19—How long can coconuts be stored without spoiling?

20—Who won a historic duel at Weehawken, New Jersey?

(Answers will be found on page 52)



"Last night's party is still going on *in my head*"

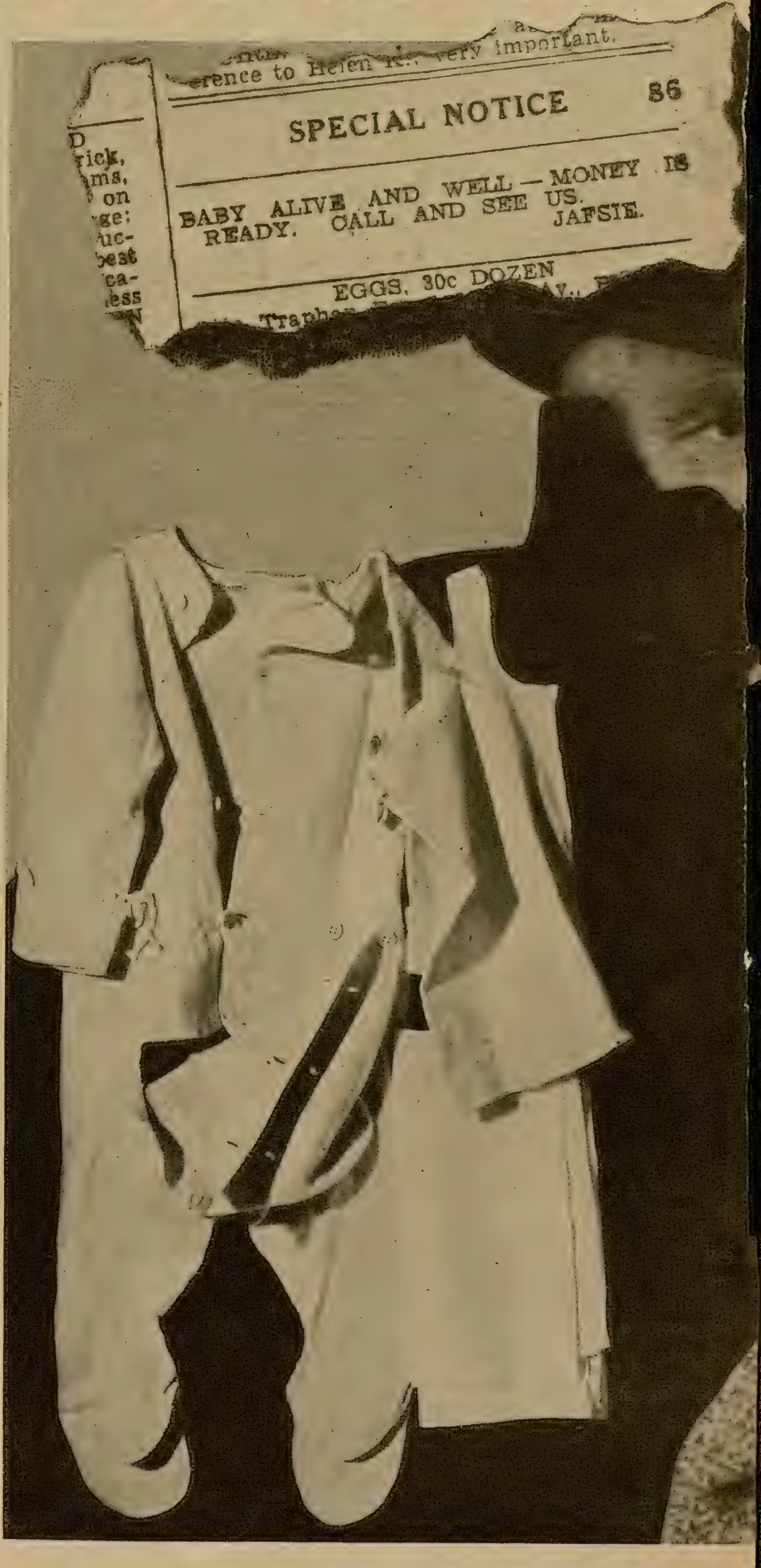
HEAD SPLITTING! THEN . . .
I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN HAVE A HEAD LIKE THIS
YOU DON'T NEED AN UNDERTAKER, YOU NEED BROMO-SELTZER
• A LITTLE LATER •
DID THAT BROMO-SELTZER WORK FAST! CLEARED MY HEAD, CALMED MY STOMACH AND NERVES!
WORKS FASTER, DOCTORS FIND, THAN ANYTHING THEY'VE TESTED!

DOCTORS' tests show Bromo-Seltzer gives *faster* relief for next-morning headaches! It helps in other ways, too . . . soothes the stomach, calms the nerves, reduces excess lactic acid in the blood. At drugstores, soda fountains. And keep it at home.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

JAFSIE AND THE



erence to Helen K... very important.

SPECIAL NOTICE 86

BABY ALIVE AND WELL—MONEY IS READY. CALL AND SEE US.
JAFSIE.

EGGS, 30c DOZEN

An Uncovered Face, a Telltale Thumb, a Package in the Mail—Jafsie Tells More About the Lindbergh Case

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

JAFSIE'S first phone call from "John" left him convinced that more than one person was involved in the Lindbergh kidnaping. To this day, as he said frankly in last week's installment, he can put no other construction upon the words he heard "John" utter as if with his head momentarily turned away from the phone: "He says sometimes he writes pieces for the papers." That same phone conversation further convinced Colonel Breckinridge that in "John" the Lindberghs and their agents were dealing with the veritable kidnaper. Jafsie undertook to get the box made for the ransom money. It was his idea, of which Colonel Breckinridge approved, to have it so made of five different kinds of wood that later it might be positively identified.

The taxi driver Perrone brought the note from "John" bidding Jafsie drive to the last subway station on Jerome Avenue and look for further directions under a stone at a frankfurter stand. He was to bring the ransom money; it was not ready, but he went anyway, driven by his friend Al Reich. The result was his historic first parley with "John" at Woodlawn Cemetery and on a bench in Van Cortlandt Park. He not only demanded and got a good look at "John's" face—the face of Hauptmann—but he led "John" to entrap and fully incriminate himself by showing him the safety pins from the baby's crib. "John" at once told him, correctly, just where they had been pinned at the moment of the kidnaping. In other words, "John" had been present in the Lindbergh nursery. The parley now continues.

PART FOUR—A VISITOR IN DISGUISE

"DO you know Colonel Lindbergh personally?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, and put a question to him: "What is your name?"

"John."

"My name is John, too," I said conversationally. He seemed to have shed much of his uneasiness, though his alert eyes continued to dart from side to side at intervals. Otherwise he was motionless enough. "Where are you from, John?" I pursued.

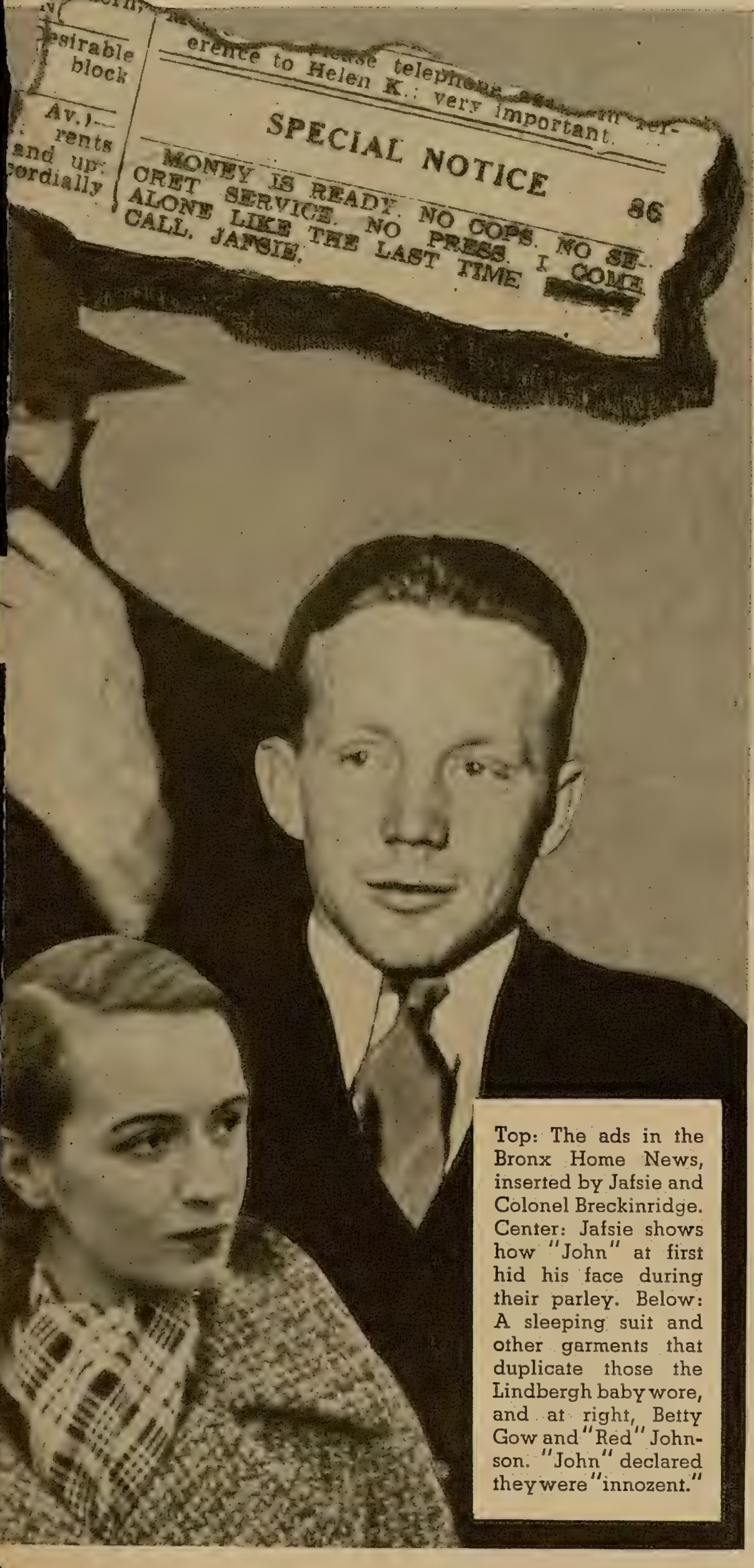
"Up farder than Boston," he replied.

"What do you do, John?"

"I am a sailor."

His guttural voice, the frequency with

SLEEPING SUIT



esirable
block

Av.)—
rents
and up;
cordially

…erence to Helen K.; very important.

SPECIAL NOTICE

86

MONEY IS READY. NO COPS. NO SECRET SERVICE. NO PRESS. I COME ALONE LIKE THE LAST TIME. CALL. JAFSIE.

Top: The ads in the Bronx Home News, inserted by Jafsie and Colonel Breckinridge. Center: Jafsie shows how "John" at first hid his face during their parley. Below: A sleeping suit and other garments that duplicate those the Lindbergh baby wore, and at right, Betty Gow and "Red" Johnson. "John" declared they were "innozent."

by

DR. JOHN F. CONDON

which his *ts* became *ds* and his *cs* became *gs*, coupled with the Teutonic phraseology of his telephone conversation and letters, convinced me that he was a German. Our conversation was running smoothly: question, reply; question, reply. Then came my next question:

"*Bist du Deutsch?*"

That question—"Are you German?"—inserted casually and unexpectedly in the native language of a man, would have elicited an instinctive reply in the same language from nine men out of ten. But not this fellow!

I framed the question in English:

"Are you German?"

"No; I am Scandinavian," he answered promptly.

I was determined, despite his wariness, to get inside his guard. In teaching thousands of pupils in the past fifty years I have learned something of the art of inviting confidences.

"You don't," I told him softly, "look like the kind of man who would be involved in a kidnaping. Is your mother alive, John?"

"Yes."

"What would she say if she knew you were mixed up in a thing like this?"

"She vouldn't like it. She vould cry," he answered.

He coughed once, sharply, into the lapels of his coat as he sat beside me. Through the thick warm folds of my own greatcoat I could feel the sting of that bitterly cold night. His coat seemed much too thin for the biting weather.

"Your coat is too thin for this time of the year," I told him. "Take my coat. I have another at home."

"No," he said.

"Come with me, then, and I will get you something for your cough."

A shrug was his answer. His cautious, shifting eyes suggested that he felt little beyond fear for his own safety.

"You have nothing to be afraid of," I assured him. "We are alone. I have been square all my life and I am square with you now. You have nothing to fear from me." My next words were a crisp command:

"Take down that coat!"

He hesitated—then:

"Well—"

"Well nothing!" I snapped. "Take down that coat!"

Reluctantly his right hand left the side coat pocket in which it was hidden. I let go of his left arm and he put down the collar of his coat. Immediately his right hand returned to the pocket and my right hand fastened once more about his left arm above the elbow.

His mouth was small, his eyes deep-set above high cheekbones. His complexion, sallow in the semidarkness, was light. I guessed his age to be about thirty-five.

"Give me a chance," I pleaded. "I promised Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh that I would help them get their baby back. That is what I am here for, nothing else. I am not here to harm or trap you. Where is the baby?"

His taciturnity vanished at once.

"Tell Colonel Lindbergh the baby is on a boad." He talked on and on. The boat, he said, was six hours away and the child was in the care of two "womens." There were six members of the kidnap gang, and one of the men, he told me, had taken away their papers with the signature. "We can't send you any more signals."

I asked him how he could tell the boat on which the baby was being kept. He said that the boat was marked with removable white cloths on its masts.

"When the Colonel goes to get the baby," he said, "I will stand on the point two hours away [he meant two hours *before*, I suppose] and signal the boad it is all right to give the baby." He was talking now. And I wanted, as I studied him, to keep him talking. I plied him with questions about the kidnap gang.

Number One was the boss, he told me: a smart man who worked for the government and was in private life a very high official. "Number Two," he said, "knows you well. He says we can drust you."

"Then why doesn't Number Two come to see me?"

"He is afraid. He might be caught from you."

"What are you getting out of this, John?"

The leader, Number One, was to receive $20,000. John and two other "mens" and the two nurses were each to receive $10,000—a total of $70,000.

"But," I reminded him, "you made a bargain with Colonel Lindbergh to return his baby for fifty thousand dollars. You should stick to your word."

"Colonel Lindbergh talked to the police," he replied. Besides, he assured me, the negotiations were lasting longer than had been expected; one of the nurses was dissatisfied; one of the men in the gang was in trouble; and because this member had taken their signature with him they were in danger while he lived. And, too, they needed a fund for lawyers should anything go wrong.

IT may seem amazing that this man, hunted throughout an entire nation, should have sat with me on a park bench for more than an hour discussing in detail the "gang" that had abducted the baby. But his psychology was as sound as mine. He knew that I wanted the baby. He wanted the money. Therefore he had to give me a convincing picture to take back to Colonel Lindbergh.

I cannot truthfully say that I was entirely convinced by his story of a gang of four men and two women. Yet if it were true and if I could play upon his obvious greed, I might get further.

"It seems to me, John," I said, "that you are doing the most dangerous work in this case."

"I know it," he answered.

"You are getting only ten thousand dollars. I don't think you're getting what you ought to get."

"I know. I'm sorry I got mixed up—"

I seized hopefully on that expression of regret.

"Look, John," I argued. "Leave them. Come with me to my house. I will get you my one thousand dollars. Then I will take you to Jersey and see if I cannot get the money for you from Colonel Lindbergh. That way, you will be on the side of the law. There are lawyers in my family, and I will do everything in my power to help you if you will restore the baby to its mother."

He did not reply.

"On the other hand," I warned him, "if you double-cross me I will follow you to Australia, if necessary!"

My voice was vehement, almost angry.

He parried my vehemence with a soft promise that stirred my heart. "We won't double-cross you. You are the only one who will get the baby, who will put it back in its mudder's arms."

No word picture he could have drawn could have gone so deftly, so precisely to the very center of the single purpose to which I had dedicated my life. Again I was the pleader.

"Take me to the baby," I begged. "Take me there now. I promise you that I shall act as hostage until every cent of the money is paid." He did not understand "hostage." "I shall stay with the baby," I explained, "until the money is in your hands."

"No," he refused. "They vould schmack me oud. They vould drill me."

"Leave them," I repeated. "Don't you see? Sooner or later you will be caught."

"Oh, no," he replied. "We have planned this case for a year already."

I began to despair of making any progress.

"Come, now, John. You can't expect us to pay the money without seeing the baby and knowing it is alive and the right baby." I tapped my coat pocket. "I have some of the baby's toys here with me. And I know some words that the baby can speak. I will be able to tell whether it is the right baby. And I shall remain with the baby until every cent of the money is paid."

HE was obdurate.

"No. The leader vould drill the both of us. He vould be mad if he knows I said so much and stayed so long."

"Don't go yet. We have to make arrangements. I want to return that baby personally. But I would gladly give up that privilege if you wished to handle things without me—just so the baby is returned to its parents. Transfer it to any priest, John. He will keep your name a secret. He will not report you to the police. He will see that it is returned safely to its parents."

My plea fell on deaf ears.

"I go now. I have stayed too long already. Number One will be mad. I should have gottit the money."

Again greed! Again fear!

"All right," I replied. "Get your men together in a decent way and have the work done on a cash-and-delivery basis. You are sure the baby is all right?"

"The baby is better as it was. It is happy and well. Number One told me I should tell you the baby is well. So you put an ad in the Home News Sunday, like this, to show Number One that I gave you the message: 'Baby is alive and well.' And you put this in, too: 'Money is ready,' to show my friends I saw you and you will pay the money."

I nodded. And then something occurred to me. He had been willing enough to give me details concerning his "gang." Perhaps he'd give me one more.

The newspapers, immediately after the kidnaping, had been full of rumors concerning an amiable lad whom they called "Red" Johnson. I prefer to use his proper name, Henry. A Norwegian seaman, Henry Johnson had been a hand on the yacht of Thomas W. Lamont. He was a friend of Betty Gow, nursemaid of the Lindbergh baby.

Police had held and grilled him when, after the kidnaping, they had found an empty milk bottle in his green coupé. The police apparently found it difficult to believe the perfectly normal explanation that any adult could be fond of so mild a liquid as milk. And that had been Johnson's explanation.

My interest in Henry Johnson—another matter over which police later were to proclaim mystification—arose from two things. Lamont's yacht had put in at City Island, where my real-estate office is located, and Johnson had become well acquainted with many of the Norwegian residents of City Island. Further, he was a friend of Betty Gow, the charming young woman I had had the pleasure of meeting at the Lindbergh home in Hopewell.

Everything I had learned from those on City Island who knew Johnson had been unreservedly to that young man's credit. But now I was in position to inquire about him from some one who would definitely know whether or not he had any connection with the kidnaping.

"John, what about Henry Johnson?"

"Red Johnson?"

"Yes."

For the first time, John's voice rose as he replied with almost fervent emphasis:

"Red Johnson is innozent! Betty Gow she is innozent too!"

These positive heated statements were utterly out of character. Here was a man who in nearly an hour and a quarter of talking had not previously exhibited a single trace of any decent emotion.

"Red Johnson is innozent. He must be freed. The girl too," he repeated.

For a moment I felt a spark of liking for him. Kidnaper though he was, he had not sunk to such depths that he would remain silent while another man suffered wrongly. How else explain his eager championing of two innocent persons? That had to be the explanation.

But that *wasn't* the explanation. His next words were:

"Red Johnson had nutting to do wid it. It was worth my life to come here, and now it seems you don't drust me. Don't you believe that we are the ones who gottit the baby—that we are the ones who should gottit the money?"

THE iron of the situation was bitter as gall. I seek good in all men. And I had tried hard—quite hard—to find some spark of goodness, some redeeming quality in even this man.

And I had found none.

"Now I go," he told me. "I will send by ten o'clock Monday morning a token."

"A token?" I inquired.

"The slipping suit from the baby."

The sleeping suit! He moved a bit on the bench, and I released my grip on his arm. We stood up, and my eyes studied every feature of his smooth-shaven face once more, though by now I knew every line of it as intimately as a well remembered poem.

In the nursery, through a study of the smudged handprint on the window frame, I had estimated his height as five feet ten or ten and one half inches. I realized now that five feet nine and one half inches would be a closer estimate. The latter figure was the measurement I later gave to police, who found his actual Bertillon measurement to be five feet nine inches.

Now, standing beside him, I said: "I will put the ad in the Home News tomorrow."

I held out my hand—not entirely a gesture of friendship. I was still thinking of that smudged handprint in the nursery—the handprint valueless for any practical purposes of fingerprint comparison but exhibiting plainly definite signs of muscular overdevelopment at the ball of the thumb.

His right hand came from his coat pocket, reached out and clasped mine. The hard lump of muscle I had expected to find at the base of his thumb was there.

"I must go," he repeated. "Good night."

He turned; walked, not hastily, northward in the direction of the near-by woods. I started back toward the car and Al Reich.

Don't hesitate ... choose the lamps that *stay brighter longer.* You'll know them by this mark ......

MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
They stay brighter longer

It is a scientific fact that lamps marked with the GE monogram stay brighter longer than so-called "cheap" lamps. 480 checks and inspections in manufacture guard against the imperfections found in poor lamps—imperfections resulting in dollars being wasted for current which is not converted into light.

General Electric's research and development have resulted in lamps of greatly improved efficiency and lower price. Edison MAZDA lamps now cost as little as 15c—only 20c for the popular 100-watt size. For good light at low cost—for sight-saving light—always ask for these good lamps by name.

I walked away from my first personal contact with the man who called himself John, and did not know whether he was German or Scandinavian, whether the crime in which he had taken part was the work of a gang or of but one or two men. And I had failed in my endeavor to persuade him to take me to the baby.

But I was supremely happy!

I had his assurance—and no reason to doubt it—that the child was alive and well and that negotiations would be continued until they had reached the happy termination for which, each night, I had prayed.

The windows of Al's car were up. I opened the door and crawled in beside him. He grinned at me.

"I'd have opened the door for you, but I think my hands are frozen to the wheel. You were gone an hour and fifteen minutes."

"I'm sorry, Al."

"Forget it. How did it go?"

"Fine," I replied heartily. "There's no longer any possibility of doubt. We're in touch with the right man, the man who has the baby. It's only a question of time, now."

Bit by bit, I sketched for him my meeting and conversation with the man called John. Al made no comment as we drove toward my home, though I felt sure that he must, inwardly, be sharing my enthusiasm. I finished my story, waited for some expression of that enthusiasm. He said nothing. I glanced at him. A scowl was on his face, and his eyes, fastened on the road ahead, gleamed angrily.

"What's wrong, Al?" I demanded.

"You'll never know how close I came to following you tonight. I wanted to hit that fellow. I'd give a lot to hit him," he said savagely, "just once!"

"Why should you want to hit this fellow, Al? What possible good could that do? It would spoil everything."

"Maybe," admitted Al. "Maybe." Suddenly he turned to me, his voice bitter, his eyes hard as they found mine.

"You didn't see the baby tonight, did you?"

"No, of course not. But—"

"You'll never see the baby. I don't think that that —— intends to give you the baby. I don't think he *can* give you the baby. I think the baby is dead."

He jammed the foot brake viciously and we skidded to a stop in front of my home.

Though I did not agree with him in the least, I knew that Al spoke sincerely as well as bluntly. I felt a little depressed as we entered the house to find Colonel Breckinridge waiting for us.

"How did you make out?" he asked anxiously.

"I met the man," I told him. "He expects the money."

Once again, word for word, I repeated the story of the meeting. I vouchsafed no personal opinions. I merely narrated the story of the meeting to him in every detail. I repeated my words and those of the kidnaper.

"And this fellow who calls himself John told you: 'We have planned this case for a year already.' Is that right?"

"Yes," I said. "But that phrase held no particular significance for me."

Announcing

Liberty's Amateur Page

to be conducted by

MAJOR BOWES

You listen in, of course—who doesn't?—on Major Bowes's Amateur Hour on the air.

Listening, have you envied amateurs who sing or play an instrument—who can stand up to the mike under the genial Major's eye, risking that hope-shattering gong of his, and bid musically for recognition and a career?

Have you sighed because your own gifts run to writing or drawing pictures—and you can't write or draw into a microphone? Have you wished there might somehow be an Amateur Hour not on the air but on the printed page?

There is going to be one in Liberty—conducted by Major Bowes himself! It's coming in the earliest possible issue. Be ready. Start now. Write or draw something to submit to the Major for this Amateur Hour in print!

Liberty's Amateur Page will be open to all bona fide amateurs. They are hereby invited to send in, as contestants:

Short short stories, not over 500 words in length. Short poems or jingles, grave or gay. Jokes. Epigrams—wisecracks. Cartoons. Caricatures. Comic drawings, etc.

Liberty's readers, numbering millions, will be the jury of award. Each week they will vote, by mail, on the efforts that are printed on Liberty's Amateur Page. Each week their votes will award:

A first prize $25
A second prize $10
Three additional prizes ...... each $5

These will be *prizes*, not *payment*. No amateur will be *paid* for his or her contribution, even though it has been printed. And no material submitted can be returned—so if your manuscript or drawing doesn't "get by" Major Bowes and appear on the Amateur Page, don't expect to get it back.

There are two qualifications. The page will be open to amateurs only—meaning those who have never done writing or drawing for pay. And everything submitted must be entirely original.

Address all communications to

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR PAGE
MAJOR BOWES, EDITOR

P.S. Gong? Sure the Major will have his gong! Wait and see if he doesn't!

"It does for me, though," said Colonel Breckinridge. "As you know, Doctor, the kidnaper wrote three ransom letters, all bearing the symbol of the circles, prior to writing to you accepting your offer to be go-between. You haven't seen those letters, of course, but in the third of them, received at my office, he wrote: 'You would not get any result from police, because our kidnaping *was planned for a year already.*'

"It's just one more bit of evidence to indicate that we are dealing with the man who actually was in the nursery on the night of the kidnaping. That man you met at the cemetery is the right man and, if you'll permit me to repeat what I've told you before, you are the right man to carry on for us."

"Thanks," I said. "Are you entirely satisfied in every particular with what I have done so far and the way I have done it?"

"One hundred per cent!" replied Colonel Breckinridge firmly.

We sat in the living room and fashioned the ad for the Home News. It read:

> Baby alive and well. Money is ready. Call and see us. Jafsie.

I HAVE often pondered, since inserting that ad, the reason which prompted the kidnaper to have *us* insert a notice that the baby was alive and well.

I think the kidnaper's psychology was based on two things. First, and most important, he wished to impress us with the belief that he was only intermediary, not actual kidnaper, for a gang, and that only by inserting an ad worded in that fashion could he convince the members of the gang that he had made contact with us.

Such a gang, of course, never existed, as we were later to learn, but the procedure was calculated to remove from our minds at the time any thought that by trapping the man with whom we were dealing we would trap the one and only person responsible for the kidnaping and cognizant of the child's whereabouts.

His second purpose, served by that same phrase, "baby alive and well," was to hammer into our consciousness the belief that the baby was being well taken care of and would be returned alive.

Sunday, except for an early visit to church, I spent at home awaiting the promised message from the kidnaper. Sunday drew to a close—and no message came.

I was not particularly perturbed, for the kidnaper had given me his word that he would have the sleeping suit in my hands by ten o'clock Monday morning, and I supposed that the suit was ready for delivery and that he felt it was unnecessary to risk any other communication. For the sake of spurring on negotiations, I drew up another ad which Colonel Breckinridge approved for insertion in the Home News. It appeared in that paper Monday. It read:

> Money is ready. No cops. No secret service. No press. I come alone, like last time. Jafsie.

At about ten thirty o'clock Monday morning the postman rang the bell. I went out to the porch, opened the mailbox. There were a few letters there. None of them was from the kidnaper. I am ready to confess that I was beginning to feel uncomfortable, disheartened. For the first time in our negotiations, the kidnaper definitely had failed to keep promises.

What had gone wrong? Had he suddenly decided that the game was not worth the playing? Was he frightened?

He didn't, I recalled as the telephone rang inside the house, seem to me to be a man who would be easily frightened when a huge sum of money was at stake.

Mrs. Condon called to me that she would answer the telephone, and I remained standing on the porch, trying to reason out the meaning of this failur on the part of John to keep his word to send the sleeping suit.

In my troubled mind, like some recurring half-threat, came the kidnaper's words: "Vould I burn if the baby is dead?"

Did that mean that John—or his gang—planned to murder the child if, before negotiations were completed, they should feel that things were becoming too hot for them?

"It's for you."

Mrs. Condon's words startled me out of my unpleasant reverie. I looked up at her.

"What?"

"The telephone call. It's for you. I think it's that man with the German voice."

I was completely alert by now. I hurried inside, took up the receiver.

"Yes?"

"Doktor Condon?"

The voice was the voice of John—cold, expressionless, terse.

"Yes, John," I replied. "What is wrong? I have been waiting."

"There has been delay sending the slipping suit," he told me. "It will come. You will have it soon."

I FRAMED a question, but that question was never uttered, for I heard, again, the sound of a connection being broken. I hung up the receiver, infinitely relieved to know that our dealings had not been broken off, that they had merely suffered some delay.

What that delay could be was not as clear to me then as it was to become later.

On the next day—Tuesday, March 15—there was no word. But when I went to my mailbox on Wednesday morning to get the ten-thirty mail, I found an oblong package. It was soft. It was wrapped in brown wrapping paper.

It was, of course, addressed to me. But to me it represented a message to Colonel Lindbergh, and I did not open the package.

I hurried to the telephone, called Colonel Breckinridge's office. He had left word there that I was to be put through to him immediately whenever I might call. His pleasant voice answered swiftly:

"Yes, Doctor?"

"The token has arrived."

"I'll be there immediately," he promised.

Forty-five minutes later he was with me in the living room of my home.

"I've notified Colonel Lindbergh," he told me. "He will get here as quickly as possible. Heaven knows when or how he'll be able to slip through that pack of newspapermen at Hopewell. But he will be here as soon as he can make it. Is it the baby's sleeping suit?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I didn't open it."

"We'd better take a look," he said. "If there's nothing to it, we'll not want to bring Colonel Lindbergh out on a wild-goose chase."

"You're in charge," I reminded him.

He opened the package. Inside was a baby's sleeping suit and a note with further instructions. Later we discussed the note thoroughly. Colonel Breckinridge turned to me thoughtfully.

"It looks like one of the child's sleeping suits. But I couldn't identify it positively. We'll have to wait."

We waited. The morning dragged by on leaden feet. There was nothing to do but wait. I remembered that St. Patrick's Day was nearing.

I went upstairs to my study, penned a little poem which I entitled Emmet's Epitaph. I recall one verse:

By the souls of your martyrs and patriot dead,
Make your vows for neglect to atone;
With deeds that are worthy of your honored sires,
Carve the epitaph on that cold stone.

The writing of the little poem served to remove completely from my mind the tension that had piled up at this particular moment during the negotiations with the kidnaper. I mailed the poem to the Home News.

Evening came. Colonel Breckinridge and I sat in the living room talking. Some subconscious force drew our eyes from time to time to the brown-wrapped package.

I caught Colonel Breckinridge staring at it.

"He'll have to examine it, of course," he said, answering my glance. "But it's going to be difficult for Slim. It's going to be difficult!"

Midnight came and passed. One o'clock! It was nearly one thirty when the sound of a car stopping outside the house came to our ears. I hurried to the door. Some one was stepping on to the veranda. I looked out.

A man was there. There was little to be seen of his face. A tourist cap was pulled down low over his forehead. Amber-colored glasses with huge lenses hid his eyes. Though the early-morning air was bitter with cold, he wore no topcoat, no overcoat.

I threw the door open.

The heart-gripping moment when Colonel Lindbergh identified the little sleeping suit sent by the kidnaper will be, for the first time, pictured truthfully in next week's installment of Jafsie's own story. He will dispose of the question whether that sleeping suit could have been bogus, and he will reveal how the ransom money was entrusted to him and how record of the bills' numbers came to be kept. A mysterious woman will make her entrance into the case. All this, remember, leads up to the NEW EVIDENCE that will be forthcoming in a later installment.

She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

Mrs. Dowty, of Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for $400

AMAZING PROFITS FOR THOSE WHO KNOW OLD MONEY!

Up to $80 for certain copper cents

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels, worth many dollars -- dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing. Post yourself. It pays!

Up to $50 for this Nickel

HUGE PREMIUMS for OLD STAMPS

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. IT WILL PAY YOU to know how to recognize them.

Will pay up to $50

LET ME SEND YOU MY BIG ILLUSTRATED COIN FOLDER! IT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES! (Copr. 1936)

Send the Coupon Below!

and 4 cents for Large Illustrated Coin & Stamp Folder and further particulars. Just *Write Today* for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose -- everything to gain. It may mean much profit.

Up to $225 for this one

I PAID $200.00 to J. D. Martin of Virginia For Just One Copper Cent

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, of N.Y., $2,500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm of Pa., $13,500 for his rare coins. J. T. Neville, of N. D., $200 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Brownlee of Ga. $1,000 for one old coin, who writes: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000. I like to deal with such men as you." In the last 34 years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills & coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000.00 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100 for 1894 dimes "S" mint, $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows, $10 for 1866 quarters, no motto, $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc. There are literally thousands of old coins for which I will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Know what to look for.

FILL OUT AND MAIL NOW

To B. MAX MEHL, 164 Mehl Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars for which I enclose 4 cents.

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

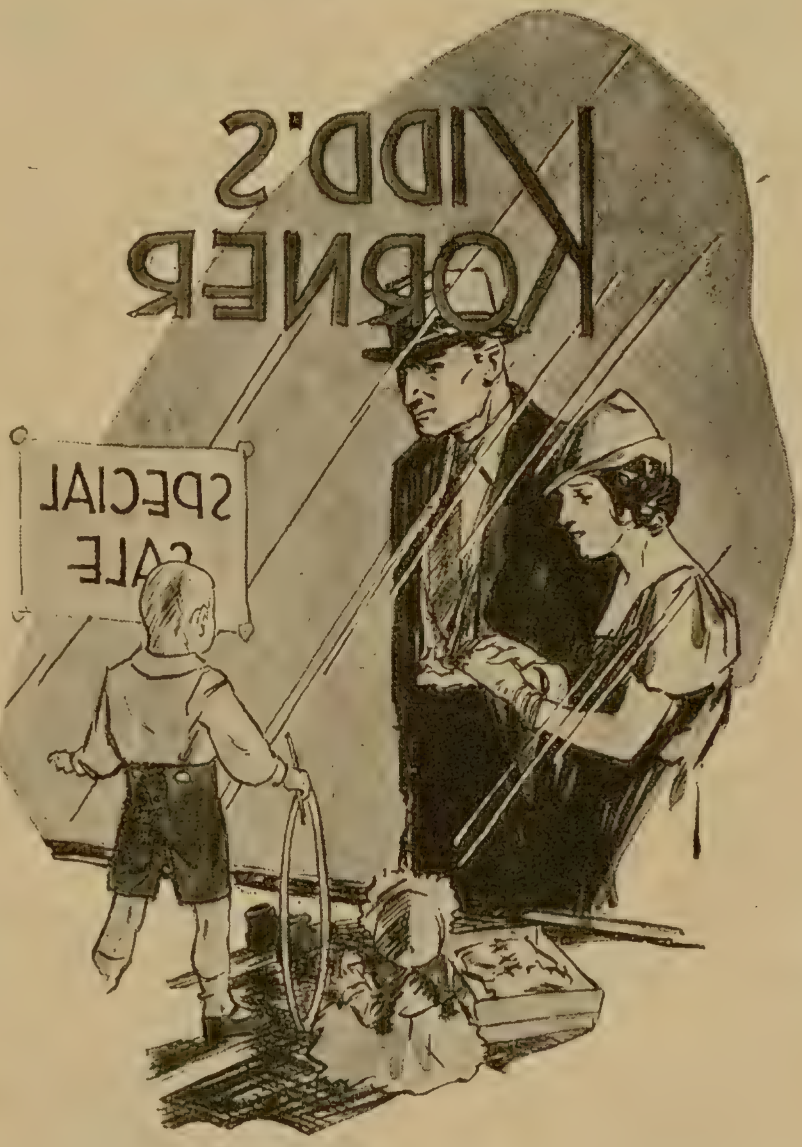
B. MAX MEHL Director Numismatic Co. of Texas.
164 Mehl Building · FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

THIS FERTILE EARTH

Liberty's Short Short

by LON MURRAY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS



COME in, Kurth. Glad to see you. Always glad to see any of our happy family. How goes the job? Like your work?

Why—uh—

Take a seat, Kurth. That's right, sit down. Now tell me what's on your mind.

Thank you, Mr. Romson. . . . Well, Mr. Romson, I've been working here eight years. I like my work, sir, and I'm grateful. But the depression came along and you were forced to cut our pay. Then there were two more cuts.

I know all about that, Kurth. What's the point?

Now that things are getting back to normal, Mr. Romson— Well, to tell you the truth, sir, my—my wife is growing discontented. She—she believes in a normal life for people while they're still young. She—well, Mr. Romson, she thinks we ought to have a baby.

What's that got to do with me, Kurth? Hah!

I've tried to tell Mrs. Kurth that we must postpone such thoughts. I've explained how we couldn't possibly afford one. So—well, sir, she thought I ought to ask for a little more money. Even five dollars more a week, with careful budgeting—

Kurth, you're being absurd! The idea of a man in your cir— Listen, man. Do you realize there's a thousand young men anxious for your job should you decide you can get more money elsewhere? We're not around the bend yet, old man. Millions still out of work!

I appreciate that, Mr. Romson, but—

What you should do is to put your foot down. Control the situation. Every man should be master in his own home. . . . You know, Kurth, that's what's wrong with America today—overproduction! Machinery, goods, children! Giving life to more hungry mouths. And Relief folding up after election. No, Kurth, I can't encourage you. It wouldn't be right. That reminds me. I've an important phone call to make. Run along, Kurth, and get back on that job before it runs away from you. . . . Yes, you might close the door. . . .

Give me Personnel. . . . Hullo? Extension forty-three? Where's Miss Harrill? This is Mr. Romson. . . . All right, but hurry her along. . . . Hullo? Oh, yes, Miss Harrill. Uh—a rather delicate matter, Miss Harrill. I happened to walk into the file room yesterday after lunch. There's a young woman working there—a girl with red hair and a high complexion. Attractive girl normally, Miss Harrill. Well, there's something about her appearance, y'understand, Miss Harrill? Y'know what I mean? . . . Fine, I knew you'd catch on. Touchy subject. Well, Miss Harrill, I feel sorry for that girl. But it don't look right around a business office. Not professional, Miss Harrill. . . . I don't doubt she's a good worker and you may be right about the leave of absence later on. But what I was thinking was, what if a customer should happen to see her? Now, I don't want to insist, Miss Harrill, but I really think you ought to let her go. Give her a week's—give her a good letter of recommendation, Miss Harrill. We can't encourage— That's all, Miss Harrill. Thank you. G'by! . . .

May I come in, Mr. Romson? Are you ready to dictate?

Oh, all right. Come in, Walter!

Thank you, sir.

The eternal grind! Walter, I'm just a little tired. We gladiators of commerce must fight the battle day after day, year after year. And for what, Walter? The government comes along and taxes our blood away.

Yes, sir.

Anyway, Walter, you're a consolation. Thanks be, I've an efficient secretary like you to help me carry the burden. And—you wouldn't understand this, Walter—thanks be, you're not a woman! I wouldn't know what to do with a primping secretary. . . . Well, let's get going? What is there today?

A few lesser matters first, if you don't mind, Mr. Romson. Now, here's a letter appealing for funds from the Centerview Foundling Home. I've taken the liberty to investigate and consider it a worthy charity. Their administration cost is exceedingly low. They care for some three hundred unfortunate, unloved kiddies—

Kiddies, bah! Brats, you mean, Walter. Nameless brats. Brats that never should've been born!

But, sir, the income-tax regulations permit—

We'll give the limit of the deduction to some worthy charity, Walter. It's—it's a matter of principle with me, Walter. You know I'm beginning to believe in birth control. This fella Mussolini is all wrong.

Yes, sir.

Write 'em, Walter. Make it a nice no, but make it no!

YES, sir. Pardon me, sir, your telephone. Mr. Romson's secretary speaking. . . . Oh, yes. How do you do, Mrs. Romson? . . . Yes, Mrs. Romson. One moment, please; here is Mr. Romson.

Thanks, Walter. Hullo, dear. . . . How—what? What's that you say? My God! . . . Walter, wait outside. This is important—and very personal. . . . Yes, dear. Now tell me. . . . Oh, that's terrible! The poor dear. . . . Are you sure? I'd never have suspected it. She's such a baby herself. It's awful—and yet I'm a little bit glad. Did you call Dr. Browne? . . . He's coming? Good. I want everything possible done for Prudence. She's very precious to us both. I suppose it's our fault for not being more careful with her. No expense is to be spared. . . . What's that, dear? That horrible crying? . . . Yes, I'll hold on. . . . It's over? Prudence seems remarkably well? Five little kittens, all like herself! Well, well!

THE END

NEXT WEEK IN
LIBERTY

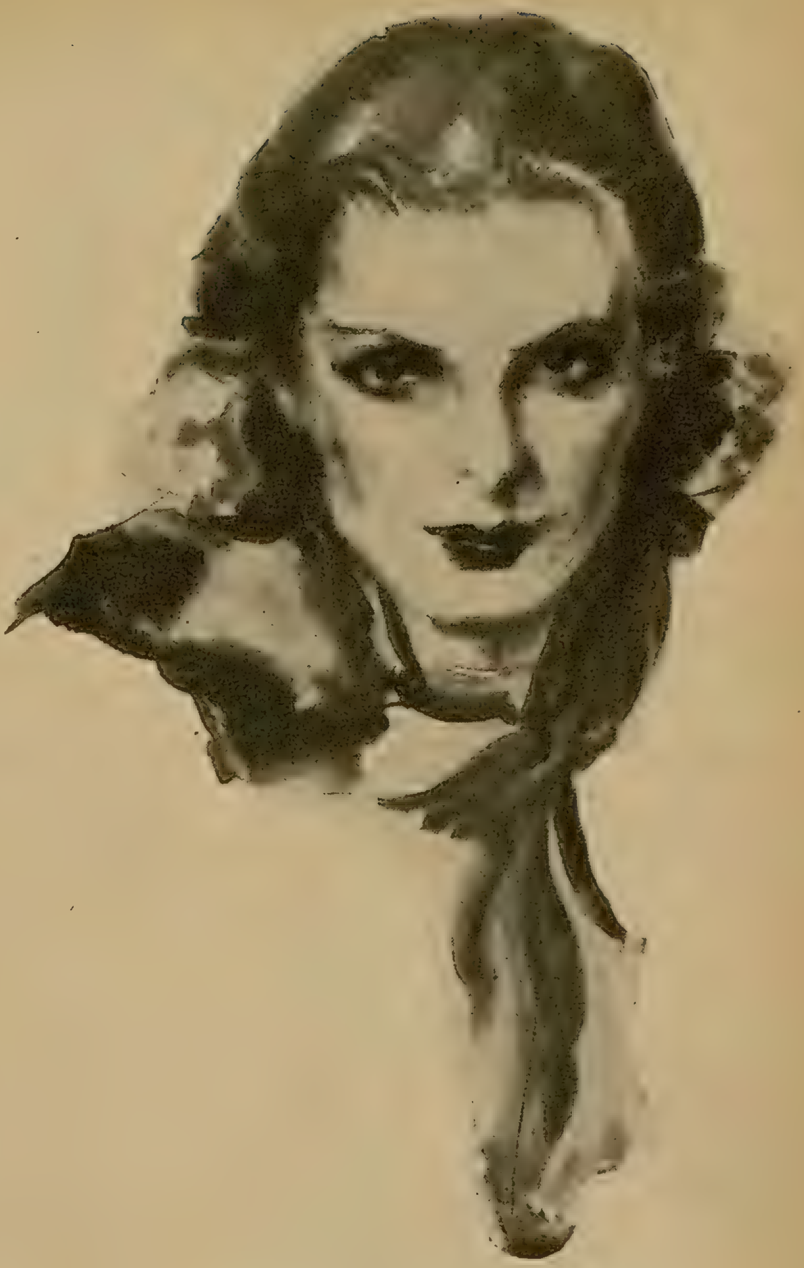
by

JAMES M. CAIN

AUTHOR OF

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

THE OPENING EPISODES OF A THRILLING NEW STORY



MR. NIRDLINGER'S WIFE

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

A NOVEL OF CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

IF you read The Postman Always Rings Twice, you will need no further introduction to James M. Cain, whose new novel of crime and punishment begins in Liberty next week. If you did not read The Postman, do not miss this new and even more compelling story which Liberty is proud to present. Read about the sinister events in the innocent-looking California bungalow that turned it into a " House of Death." And those " blood-red drapes " that the sensational press made notorious. Read about the strange wife who schemed to wager on her husband's death—and the even stranger results of her startling plot. Read DOUBLE INDEMNITY, by James M. Cain, a story that will set a nation talking!

IN LIBERTY— OUT WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

Jean Muir in Stars Over Broadway

Patricia Ellis in Freshman Love

Warner Bros. photos

Olivia de Havilland wears a Captain Blood model

WHAT MOVING AMERICAN

Our Homes, Actions, Morals, Dress — They Influence Them All . . . Is It for Good, or Will This Giant of Our Own Making Turn Some Day and Devour Us?

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DO you still believe you go to the movies only to be amused? You can't dismiss them as easily as that. For movies are proving the greatest new influence on the actions and morals of our times. The lives of many millions of us are being changed by them.

Not so long ago no one ever thought of looking to Hollywood for styles. Women with taste and money looked to Paris. And then a girl named Greta Garbo began to attract attention on the screen. She wore unusual clothes and she wore them well. Girls all over America began appearing in soft shapeless pulled-down hats and polo coats. They wore long bobs. They posed with Garbo mannerisms—thousands of near-Garbos. And the trek toward cinema fashions was on!

Joan Crawford in Letty Lynton was the next star to establish a definite style. Norma Shearer, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Marion Davies, and Claudette Colbert have all been fashion guides.

People with taste and discrimination began to turn West for styles. And they found the California designers ready for them. Today Howard Greer has a fashionable dress salon in Hollywood—and there isn't the least hint of Paris influence. Other designers stick to the screen; and the public can get the styles only after the stars have worn them in pictures. Travis Banton, Adrian, and Orry-Kelley are as famous as Lanvin, Vionnet, and Molyneux.

Because every one in America can't go direct to these famous designers, the screen is the fashion guide. Hundreds of thousands of busy needles in homes from Portland, Maine, to New Orleans began making imitations of screen costumes. The more experimental of the commercial shops began to make clothes patterned after them. Now several hundred manufacturers spend all or most of their time making reproductions of the clothes worn by stars, either in real life or on the screen.

Bernard Waldman of New York heads the most ambitious group of manufacturers who take Hollywood as a model. This group sells to 375 shops in America. And to forty shops in England, six in Canada, two in South Africa, and one each in Australia and Singapore. Last year the group made 400 separate models of dresses alone, and some of the models sold over 6,000.

Some of the manufacturers who design clothes with movie inspiration are Cinema Fashions, Hollywood Fashions, Cinema Modes, Screen Star Styles, All Star Clothes, and Film Fashions. Copies of the dresses of Ginger Rogers in Top Hat, Claudette Colbert in She Married Her Boss, Gail Patrick in Smart Girl, June Knight in Broadway Melody, Merle Oberon in The Dark Angel, and Sylvia Sidney in Accent on Youth are available for the American girl this winter.

Studio Styles manufactures the reproductions of costumes worn only by the Warner Brothers stars. These are all designed by Orry-Kelley and include gowns Marion Davies wore in Page Miss Glory, Bette Davis' clothes in Special Agent, Jean Muir's gowns in Stars Over Broadway, and adaptations of Anita Louise's in A Midsummer Night's Dream.

American morals have most certainly been influenced by the movies. The supposedly simple small-town girl and farm boy have disappeared. It may be only a coincidence that in 1911 only nine out of a hundred marriages ended in divorce, and that sixteen out of a hundred end in divorce today, but it seems to me that the movies had more than a little to do with it. I don't believe that movies have made us more wicked. I do believe that they have made us restless, for one thing, and, for another, have enabled us to face things more frankly.

Grown-ups are not the only ones influenced by the movies. Mickey Mouse and Shirley Temple have had quite an influence on the youth of the land. Shirley's profits to her company and to the manufacturers have not, up to date, been nearly so large as Mickey's. They have, however,

PICTURES DO TO WOMEN

by THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

been something of a neat gain. Dresses, hats, coats, dolls, soap, and hair ribbons have been made either in reproduction of things Shirley wore in the movies or of herself. Well over two million Shirley Temple dolls were sold in 1935, and they have been sent to practically every country in the world. Shirley gets a profit on every real Shirley doll. Over a million Little Colonel dresses, after a design by René Humbert, were sold, as well as Curly Top dresses and dresses worn in Our Little Girl.

Photographs of Shirley's dressing-room bungalow on the lot have been copied as playhouses for children all over America. The toy closet in Curly Top has been reproduced hundreds of times. And 600,000 "authentic" Shirley Temple hair ribbons have been sold.

Millions have wanted more of Mickey Mouse than they found in the theater. Last year Mickey's name and images yielded thirty-five million dollars to business concerns. Mickey and his creator, Walt Disney, live officially in Hollywood. The New York business office is in charge of Kay Kamen, and when you telephone there, a voice answers, "Mickey Mouse." If you have an idea for something which you believe wouldn't be complete without a Mickey Mouse you come to Mr. Kamen for a license.

Last year, after two months of putting Mickey Mouse on a once famous watch, the company was snatched from failure, added nearly three thousand men to its pay roll—and sold over two million watches. After three years of hard times, a knitting mill put Mickey on sweaters and sweat shirts, made a million of them—and one mill town knew prosperity again. A two-million-dollar toy concern was put on its feet because Mickey and Minnie on a handcar ran around a miniature track.

THERE are many other Hollywood influences. There are, for instance, the motion-picture publications. These range from the daily trade journals to the elaborately illustrated "fan" magazines. There are twenty-five fan magazines. Undoubtedly you have your own favorite. There are, besides these, the fan-club publications. Each star of any importance at all has a club and each club has a publication which comes out, usually, once a month. Lew Ayres's movie-fan-club publication is called The Telescope. Joan Crawford's is Crawford News. Fred Astaire's is named Foot Notes, and Helen Hayes's is, so they tell me, Hayes-y Days.

Cosmetic manufacturers both in and out of Hollywood have reaped harvests by publishing—with permission—photographs of famous stars who were beautified by their products. Piano manufacturers have been strangely affected. Not many years ago upright pianos were popular. But in pictures upright pianos were used mostly in comedies. When the homes of rich folks were shown, there was nearly always a grand piano in the background. So out with the upright! In with the grand! Manufacturers were compelled to make fairly inexpensive small grand pianos, and these have been selling very well.

In a small way, youthful potential bad men and pretended adventuresses are being curbed when the movie is the source of their inspiration. The permanent Council of the Legion of Decency is having a splendid effect in combating some of this particular movie influence. Each week the Catholic News publishes the New York Archdiocese Motion Picture Guide, a moral estimate of motion pictures recently released.

Dr. A. H. Giannini, pioneer motion-picture banker, said recently in Los Angeles on his return from a trip through Europe: "The screen is Americanizing the world. There is a great leveling process going on in Europe through the influence of our pictures. Class distinctions are being wiped out."

We in America, by our patronage, made the motion picture. We may hope it does not turn and devour us, this giant of our own making.

THE END

20th Century-Fox
Shirley Temple in The Little Colonel

Paramount
Claudette Colbert in The Bride Comes Home

Columbia
Jean Arthur in If You Could Only Cook

First Crush

The Story of a Girl Who Lived Next Door to Heaven—A Gay Tale of Life's Odd Ways and Love's Old Awakening

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

EVERY so often you read in a magazine about this and that person being "born to the movies." It's a very pretty phrase, but it doesn't fit any one as closely as it did Marcia Carlson. She used to get hungry when she was a baby as soon as she heard the deep rumble of the organ in the Colonial, next door; and her mother liked to tell the neighbors about the time the organist decided to practice—"and Lord knows he needs it, Mrs. Simpson"—and Marcia had to be fed all day to keep her from crying.

When they tore down the old Colonial in 1927, and started on the Coliseum, some of the engineers stopped at Ma Carlson's, next door; and Marcia, lean and leggy and a good deal of a nuisance, heard about acoustics and pipe organs and seats with her lessons at night. Even the great Mr. Michaelis, owner and operator of the Colonial-Coliseum, knew her, and they would exchange greetings in the mornings, when she was starting for school and he was going down to oversee his property.

Her first crush was a movie man but not a star. It was the tall young doorman that Mr. Michaelis—now Uncle Mikey, a sort of lovable Roxy—hired in September of the year when Marcia was fifteen.

Alice and Marjy, Marcia's particular pals, delegated her to find out his name. It was Bill Hallan, according to the old night watchman. "And don't you be a-botherin' of him, now, Marcia, you little scamp. There's a boy goin' a long ways, that one is. Studying law nights down at the City Bar School, he is, and no time to be fooling with the likes of you, even if you was old enough to be of interest to him, which you're not."

The older girls, Alice's big sister and her friends, dropped their handkerchiefs and purses or turned their ankles coming into the Coliseum for a month or so, and then gave it up as a bad job.

But Marcia and Alice and Marjy were made of sterner—or sillier—stuff. All that winter, until she went out to Wisconsin to keep her widowed Aunt Hattie company, they would walk in front of the Coliseum. Sometimes they would hum Can't Help Lovin' That Man, and sometimes Moanin' Low (they would sing the line "Don't know any reason why he treats me so poorly" very loud), and sometimes they would just make loud remarks about how high-hat some people were.

No doubt God made little girls, but He probably made them for the same reason He gave Job boils.

Only once did they get a rise out of Bill Hallan. That was when Marcia, the most courageous of the three, asked him what was playing. Bill Hallan was standing under Mikey's four-foot letters that announced the picture. Marcia went up to the doorman and said: "Please, what's on this afternoon?"

"Gentlemen of the Press." Bill Hallan must have recognized her, but he gave no notice.

"I beg your pardon?" Warm butter wouldn't have melted in Marcia's mouth.

"Gentlemen of the Press. The feature starts in fifteen minutes."

"Gentlemen of the Press? Is it a good picture?"

"Yes, miss. The play ran on Broadway for months."

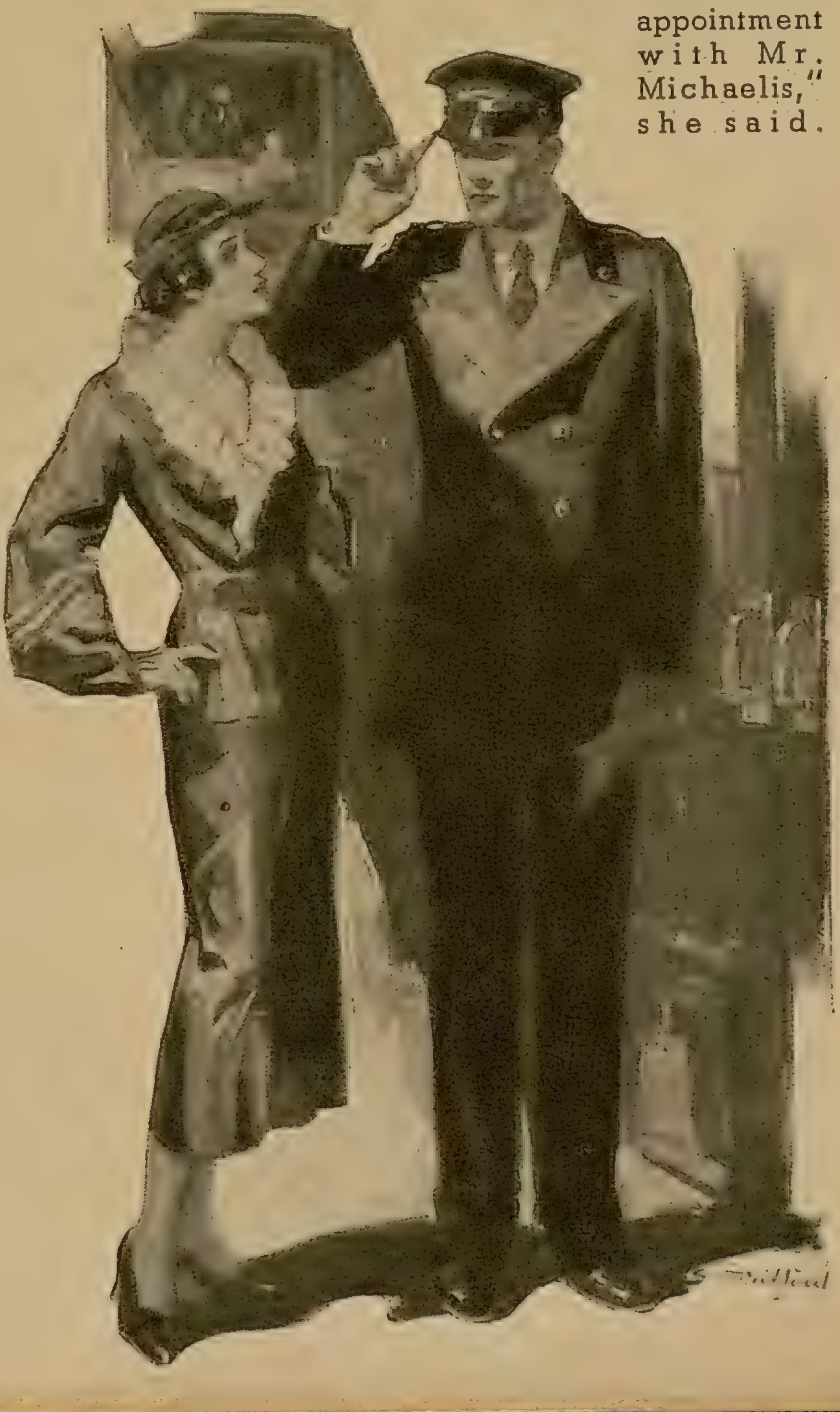
"It must have gotten out of breath," Marcia said. She giggled.

Bill Hallan's patience snapped at last. "Move along," he said. "Go on. You're blocking the sidewalk. Your mothers ought to keep you home."

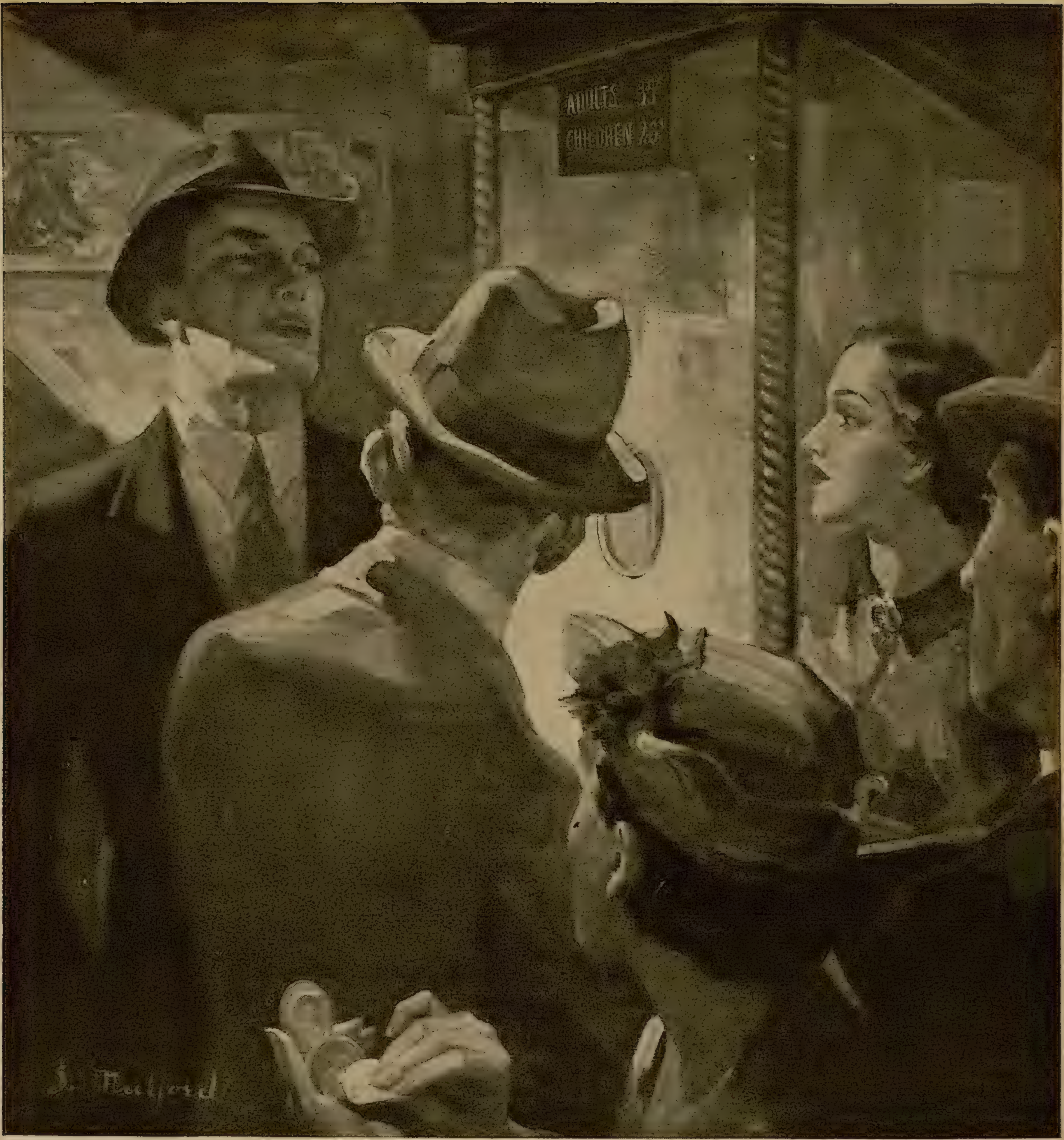
"I'm going to complain to the management," Marcia said loudly. After that, there was nothing she and the other girls could do but sweep into the theater, though they had been saving their money to see Woman Dishonored at the end of the week.

That night the letter came from Aunt Hattie, and for the next week Marcia was too busy to think about doormen. Wasn't she going out to Wisconsin, which was the West, where cowboys and engineers in riding breeches were under every bush?

The street didn't look very different when Marcia came back four years later. Her mother had put in a stationery shop in the ground floor of the old boardinghouse, and instead of Rooms & Meals, the sign just said Rooms. And the grocery store was a chain store now. But the alarm clocks in the windows of the drugstore, and the posters in front of the Coliseum, and the school kids crossing the



"I have an appointment with Mr. Michaelis," she said.



There were seven more customers before Bill was back on line. "'How about it, baby?'" he sang.

by RICHARD WORMSER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

street under the direction of old Gus the traffic cop were all the same. It kind of brought a lump in Marcia's throat, it was so much alike.

Oh, gosh, they even had the same doorman at the Col! She and Alice and Marjy used to pester the life out of the poor boy. Her face flushed as she remembered it. Wasn't there some rumor that he was going to be a lawyer?

She started up the steps of the rooming house, the old stoop that ran next to the store. Oh, there was Mr. Michaelis! She called him.

He stopped at the foot of the stoop, his cane lifted, his little paunch sticking out in front of him. "Yes?"

"I'm Marcia, Mr. Michaelis. Marcia Carlson."

He blinked his little eyes at her. "Little Marcia! Ma Carlson's little girl!" His fat hand patted her arm. "Gee, it's nice to see you back. Do you remember when your mama used to bring you to the old Colonial and leave you in my office while she saw the picture?" He waved a cane at the theater. "Different from the old Colonial, huh? You like it?"

Old people were so funny. There was no use telling him that she'd been in town for years and years after the Coliseum was built. Why, it was as old as the hills. "It's a beautiful theater, Mr. Michaelis."

"Yeah, sure. You in town long?"

"Yes, I've come back to stay. I'm going to try and get a job. I graduated from a business college out in Milwaukee."

"Job? Huh, you should go looking for a job. You come and see me this afternoon, about four thirty, and we'll see what we can do." He waved the cane benevolently and went on down the block.

Oh, gosh, she was going to work in the office of the Col! She'd gotten a job! She gazed up and down the sunlit street. There was that doorman staring at her, frankly staring at her. Marcia turned up her nose and went into the house.

At four thirty she emerged again, resplendent in the dress Aunt Hattie had bought her for a going-away present. She swept down the street and she knew she was a knockout.

Mr. Michaelis's office was as familiar to her as the inside of ma's rooming house, but she stopped at the doorman. "I have an appointment with Mr. Michaelis," she said grandly. She was watching his eyes closely. After all, she'd better see if he remembered her. If he did, maybe she'd better say something about an apology.

But he only saluted and bowed. "This way, please, miss." Bill Hallan held the door open for her in the grand fashion.

As she went past the ticket booth, she thought she saw his head turn. Had he winked at that peroxide blonde in there?

She said: "Have you been a doorman long?"

Bill helped open the second plate-glass door. "Four years, miss."

"Hm. Quite a while."

His face flushed. She had gotten a rise out of him. Oh, why had she thought he was so swell a few years ago? He was just a movie doorman with some vague dream of being a lawyer. She, now, was going to rise and become assistant manager. She wondered what job she'd have to start at.

Bill opened the door of Uncle Mikey's office. "Miss Carlson to see Mr. Michaelis." He saluted again and went away.

He'd known her all the time and had been teasing her. Wait till she—

Mr. Michaelis came out of his inner office. "Little Marcia! You wanted a job?"

"Yes, Mr. Michaelis. I—ma hasn't been doing so well. People don't live at boardinghouses any more, and the noise from the theater makes it pretty hard to—"

"I know, I know. Well, I need a good girl. Assistant publicity manager at twenty-five a week. Would that do you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Michaelis."

"You come with me. Now, here's your desk, this table here. And here's your typewriter. You type wrappers from this list, and fold these programs, and put them in. See? Now, it's late, and you'll want to tell ma the news. Start at nine tomorrow morning."

AN assistant publicity manager didn't do much, but it was a swell title. Wait till ma heard. Marcia ran down the plush stairs from the office and her heels clicked going across the tiled floor outside.

There was that fresh doorman helping two girls out of a taxi. It was bad publicity for the Coliseum for the doorman to hold girls' elbows that long. The assistant publicity manager ought to do something about it. She was just about to speak to him when she remembered the old gag, the one she and Alice and Marjy had thought so effective. She swept by him singing loudly: "'In dreams I kiss your hand, madame.'"

On the stoop of Ma Carlson's she looked back. Bill's face was very red but he wasn't looking her way. He was a doorman and he had to stay on post. . . .

Marcia typed a wrapper, folded a program, put it in the wrapper. She typed a wrapper, folded another program, and put it in the wrapper. She did this seventy-four times, when there was a voice behind her. "Here, that's no way to do it. Never get any place that way."

The man came into her little office and snatched up six blank wrappers. "See. You overlap them, like this. You start them in the typewriter, like this. When you pull one out, you have another one all ready. See?"

Marcia said: "Yes, I see." He looked kind of like George Raft.

"Let's see you try it now," he encouraged her. "There, that's better." He gave her a fatherly pat on the shoulder. "I'm Mr. Cassidy, the publicity manager. And you're my new assistant—"

"Marcia Carlson."

"Hello, Marcia."

"Hello, Mr. Cassidy."

He sat down astride a chair and watched her type folders and put in programs. "The list has increased by one hundred and eight per cent in the three weeks I've been here," he told her. "I don't work for this second-run dump, you know. I'm with Z. B. C., the producers and distributors through whom the Coliseum books. They send me around to jack up houses that aren't doing the gross they should."

"There was a Z. B. C. house in Mil—" Marcia began.

"I'm one of the best publicity men on the staff," Cassidy went on. "Old Zach himself—Mr. Zachary, the president—said so when he was in New York the other week. One of the girls in the office told me. I'm—"

THE story ran along. Marcia typed folders, stuck in programs, while the chain of words, looping from I to I like a telegraph wire along its poles, ran on and on.

Finally Mr. Cassidy got up. "Gotta go see the newspaper offices now," he said grandly. "Be back later." He was gone.

Marcia typed wrappers and put programs in them.

When she went out to lunch at one, Bill Hallan was on duty. He saluted her. "Hear you've joined the outfit, kid," he said.

Marcia grinned back at him. "I'm assistant publicity manager."

"How d'you like it?"

"Fine. Why don't you ask Mr. Michaelis to get you a job in the office? You'll never get any place this way."

Bill Hallan stared down at her from his six feet two. "Huh? Taking a sisterly interest in me, kid?"

"I'm not a kid. I'm nineteen." All she could think of was that he was getting back at her for what she did four years ago. "It's just that I hate to see a y-young man stuck in a rut."

His raucous hoots pursued her down the street to ma's. When she came back from lunch she sailed past him with her nose in the air. But she was humming Lazybones, and humming it loud, too. Inside the plate-glass doors, she looked back. He was acting as though he hadn't heard.

At four fifteen Mr. Cassidy returned. He draped himself across the chair again. "Tired, baby? Boy, I been working." There was the faint fruity odor of liquor in the room. "Hey, it's knocking-off time. How about letting me run you home in a cab?"

Marcia said: "Really, I don't need a cab to get—"

"Go on, you're tired," Mr. Cassidy said. "First day at work and all."

"But—"

"In New York," the indefatigable press agent went on, "everybody uses a cab to get around in. Nobody even has a car there. Too hard to park. That's why I haven't got my own bus. Once you get the taxi habit, you—"

Mr. Michaelis drifted by, stuck his head in. "Go home, Marcia," he said. "Call it a day." He drifted on.

"Guess he didn't see me," Mr. Cassidy said. "Come on, little girl. Hat, gloves, and ho for the bounding traffic."

Marcia got in three "buts," but that was all. There was no turning off the stream of Mr. Cassidy's consciousness once it was started. He was a professional talker and he had to stay in trim.

But he had the grand manner, what the girls in business school used to call the New York manner. He held the first plate-glass door open for her, skipped ahead to open the second one to usher her out. This'd show Bill

Hallan she was old enough for a man—a real man—to notice.

Bill saluted them. Perhaps there was just a shade too much fervor in his salute; just a little too much of the old Roxy.

"Cab!" Mr. Cassidy said in the New York manner.

"Cab, sir!" Bill came back at him. His manner was super-New York. It was London.

He did a smart rightabout-face, raised two fingers to old Jake Schaefer, who had held the cabstand in front of the theater ever since Marcia could remember.

Jake rolled his cab up.

"Things look pretty different around here since I took hold," Mr. Cassidy said. "That doorman, now. His manner was positively chummy before I jacked him up." He ushered her into the cab, bent in himself. "What's the address, Marcia?"

"Step right in, sir!" Bill Hallan said briskly. "I know the young lady's address, sir."

"Good work, doorman!" Mr. Cassidy said. He sat down next to Marcia while Bill closed the door and bent to say something to Jake Schaefer. The cab started.

Mr. Cassidy's arm was along the back of the seat. It dropped slowly. Slowly. Too slowly. It had just touched Marcia's shoulder when Jake stopped the cab. He had never been out of second gear.

"Here, driver!" Mr. Cassidy said. "What are you stopping for?" He was evidently a man who brooked no nonsense from cab drivers.

OLD Jake hopped out of the cab and jerked the door open. He'd been in the army once. He gave Mr. Cassidy what used to be known as a batwing salute. "The young lady's residence, sir!" He stood back.

Marcia said, miserably: "I—I tried to tell you."

Mr. Cassidy got out. If his face was red, his back was none the less stiff. He helped Marcia out.

She ran up the stoop, forgetting her manners, forgetting everything. A hundred feet away Bill Hallan's voice boomed:

"Show just starting. Plenty of seats inside!" Marcia slammed the door of her home.

The next morning Marcia was glad that Mr. Cassidy didn't show up. Marcia started out kind of afraid to see him; after all, he'd probably blame her for making him seem foolish. Gradually she began to breathe easier.

He didn't show up all morning. Gosh, maybe he was so mad that—

The possibilities of what an aroused Cassidy could say or do began to wear her down. Her panic was climaxed when she went out to lunch. There was a new boy wearing Bill Hallan's uniform.

He was still there at quitting time, and he was there at lunch the next day. Marcia began to wish Mr. Cassidy would come in. She hoped he hadn't complained about Bill. He didn't know that she'd teased Bill so long he had a right to get back at her when he had a chance. She didn't like Bill, but she didn't want him to lose his job.

On the second day, lo, Mr. Cassidy arrived at three o'clock. He had been drinking. He swung a leg, beautifully tailored, over her table, and looked at her. "So I'm fired, huh?" he asked her. "So they can Delancey Cassidy? All I got to do is wire Super Films, and we'll see who's a press agent. But you mighta told me, baby. That's all I say."

"Told you what?" Marcia was puzzled. She'd never seen this scene before.

"That old Michaelis was a stockholder in Z. B. C. Fired, me, Delancey Cassidy, for not coming to work on time. Me—"

Marcia said: "I didn't know."

"'S all ri', baby. Can't keep me down. You're lucky, though, Marcia. You live next to the theater. That's all I got to offer."

"What d'you mean?"

Mr. Cassidy said: "Ha! This is just a job he made up for you, old Mikey. He was having this stuff"—the Cassidy hand riffled the programs—"done outside. He's been trying to help your mother out on account of the movie noise ruined her business."

"It's not true!" Marcia was on her feet now.

"Ask him!" Mr. Cassidy waved a hand. "What do you care? You got it coming to you, kid. The way I look at it, whatever you get in this world is yours. Like I was telling—"

Suddenly Marcia knew it was true. Twenty-five dollars a week was more than the job was worth. She thought she'd gotten the job because Mr. Michaelis was training her for something better, but he didn't know her except as a baby.

She grabbed up her hat and ran out of the office. Behind her the Cassidy voice still went on and on and on. Hot tears flooded her face as she stumbled past Mr. Michaelis's office. Some one called her name, but she didn't answer; she just ran down the stairs, plunged blindly through the plate-glass doors. As she stumbled out under the marquee she ran into Bill Hallan's uniform.

She had flung her arms around it before she realized that Bill was no longer in it. She looked up. His successor had a dumb blank face. "Here, lady," he said, "the office just phoned. They want to see you."

Marcia tried to twist free. But this doorman was zealous. He was going to carry out orders. He led her firmly into the lobby, guided her up the stairs, shoved her into Mr. Michaelis's room. Fresh tears blinded her, and she dropped into a chair. Then she mopped her eyes and put on make-up. Mr. Michaelis wasn't alone. Another man sat on a desk against the wall, his face away from her. Mr. Michaelis came over and patted her arm and said: "Marcia! What will ma say if we make you cry? Tell Uncle

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Mikey, now, what was it that happened. Was it something that Cassidy said? I have fired him, so now everything is all right."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Michaelis. You don't have to fire me. I'm quitting."

"Quitting? Why should you quit?"

"You're—you're awful nice, Mr. Michaelis, but, really, ma and I don't need any help. We can make out all right. We don't need any charity."

"An exhibitor I should be and charity I should give out," Mr. Michaelis complained. In moments of stress he was liable to revert to his childhood argot.

The other man, the one at the desk, began to laugh. She had never felt so small in her life.

"Sure," Mr. Michaelis said. "I told this bum Cassidy we was hiring you for charity. Sure. Because he mustn't get his feelings hurt until he tells me what the directors in New York are doing. I got a stake in that company; I must know about it. But trust a Cassidy! Do you think I am crazy? I put you in his office so somebody would be there to answer the phone when the printers call, or the newspapers want photographs, and so on. For one day these New York bummers come to work; sometimes for two days. But no more. In this business you have a lot of trouble getting people you can trust, I can tell you, me, Uncle Mikey."

The other man said: "That's straight, Marcia." It was Bill Hallan! "We're not kidding you," he said.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

He didn't answer, but Mr. Michaelis did, glowing with pride: "You see what my kids do? Don't you read the papers? Yesterday it was they published the list of bar examinations, and Bill, he was admitted way up. General counsel for the Coliseum, press agent for the Michaelis interests, and local counsel for Z. B. C. he is now, and only four years ago he comes to me and he says he wants a job that'll keep him out in the open air."

She dropped her eyes and said: "Con-congratulations."

"So now," Mr. Michaelis said, "we will have no more New York bummers, and you—we need a new cashier."

"You mean you're going to promote me?"

"Sure. Bill, he will tell you. Always these girls, peroxide they put on their hair and flirt with the customers so they give the wrong change. You, you are Ma Carlson's little Marcia. You will not flirt. Cashier from eleven to six. You take it?"

"Of course, Mr. Michaelis. Gee, a girl doesn't know what it is to be happy till she gets her first promotion. This—this isn't Mr. Hallan's idea?"

They laughed her out of the office. . . .

Marcia sat in her little glass house giving change. At twelve thirty Mr. Hallan, the legal counsel for the theater, walked by. He cut very close to the change booth, and sang: "'Isn't she cute, isn't she sweet?'"

Marcia had an answer all ready, but she couldn't follow him, because she was on duty. At one thirty he came back humming: "'Lovely to look at, delightful to hold.'"

At quarter of five there was always a long line to buy tickets, because the price went up at five o'clock. Marcia sold one and gave change for a quarter; two with change from a dollar; one, no change; two, change from fifty. Then there was a face at the window but no money. "How many, please?" she asked.

Before she could look up, Bill Hallan said: "What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose." He was gone and the next customer was before the window before she could answer.

There were seven more customers before Bill was back on line. "'How about it, baby?'" he sang.

The third time he came around with, "'I love you, I love you,'" and she began to feel apologetic for all the times she'd done this to him when he was a doorman.

Then it was five o'clock by her alarm clock. She changed the little card in the window that said the prices, and sat back. Bill Hallan came in front of the grille.

"Say," she said. "Has the legal counsel for this theater got nothing better to do than annoy the cashier?"

He said: "You can't get away, and ever since you were a brat I've wanted to get you some place where you couldn't get away. I thought you were the prettiest thing I ever saw before you were old enough to have a brain, and I still do."

She didn't answer.

"Ever since you came back I've been so happy I hardly remembered that I was a lawyer at last, after all these years," Bill Hallan said.

SHE began to get red in the face. There was no place in the booth she could hide, and she couldn't leave her post, because she had to be there to sell tickets.

"You're pretty," Bill Hallan said. "You're pretty from the top of your head, which is covered with hair like gold; down over your nose, which turns up just enough; and to your mouth, which is just the shape I've always wanted to kiss; and then on down to your chin, which I almost took a poke at four years ago; and your throat, which—"

"If you don't go away," Marcia said feebly, "I'll call a cop."

"Be fair," Bill told her. "Did I ever call a cop? Your throat, which is as white as—"

"Please stop—Bill."

"Will you go out with me tonight if I do?"

"No."

"Your throat, which is just as white as the finest grade of flour— I skipped your eyes. They're as blue as the Italian seas; and your teeth are—"

"Yes."

"And tomorrow night too?"

"Y-yes."

Bill smirked. No other word for it. A little man took his place at the window. "One, please," he said timidly. "I—I didn't like to interrupt. Was that your gentleman friend?"

Marcia blushed. But she dipped her head shyly.

"Here," said the little man. "You gave me a nickel too much change."

THE END

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SPORT, PLUS TORTURE

A Famous Devotee and Biographer of "Man's Best Friend" Speaks His Mind Concerning a Sinister Backstage Secret of the Dog Shows

by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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The author with three of his prized collies.

IT was the second day of the great Westminster Dog Show at Madison Square Garden in New York City. The collies had been judged twenty-four hours earlier. I was loafing along the Collie Section. With me was the late Patrick Tully of the Sarsfield Collie Kennels at Closter, New Jersey. Tully had judged collies on the preceding day — and he had judged them well.

I paused at the bench of a big Midwestern tricolor collie. This dog had gone high in the judging. Tully had awarded more than one blue ribbon to him.

At the judging the dog's ears had had the required "tulip" shape: the dropping forward of the tips above an upright base, on which a collie's facial expression depends and which the collie standard demands. Today his ears were as pricked as are any police dog's.

I laid my hand lightly on one ear with not a two-ounce pressure. The big black-white-and-tan collie screamed aloud in pain at the gentle touch. I turned to Judge Tully. Both of us knew what tortures must have been used to give this prick-eared dog the requisite tulip droop during his ring ordeal. The clamps had been so cruelly tight—the clamps applied for days before the judging and taken off just before his advent into the ring—that twenty-four hours later the ears still were in agony and a soft touch evoked a shriek of anguish.

"Well," commented Tully, shrugging his thick shoulders, "that's that. In the ring his ears were perfect. What could I do but judge them as perfect? It was on his ear carriage that he won over the dog next to him in his class. You can't go back of the returns."

"Did you feel his ears in the ring?" I asked.

"Why should I?" he countered. "I could see they were correct. No weights. Nothing that I could prove was a fake."

And that is the keynote: *"Nothing that I could prove was a fake."*

Suppose Tully had done as often I used to do in my own dog-judging days—suppose he had squeezed lightly the tortured ears and had elicited a yelp of agony?

What would that have proven? The collie's owner could well have said the dog's ears always had been sensitive; that he had cried out, from a puppy, when they were touched. There was no visible evidence of the horrible metal clamps which had been fastened there so tightly for days before the judging. Everything would have been circumstantial.

At the opening of the Long Branch, New Jersey, Dog Show some years back, I went along the double line of collie benches. More than half the dogs there had weights on their ears — weights ranging from harmless and painless lumps of chewing gum or of cobbler's wax or of candle grease into which bird shot had been stuck—to the grim steel apparatus whose grip causes torment.

Two hours later, when the dogs went into the ring, these weights and clamps and every vestige of them had been removed. The collies had a presumably perfect natural ear carriage.

What was a judge to do? It was no affair of his. Moreover, dog-show etiquette forbids a judge to go down the line in advance, looking at the dogs on which so soon he is to give verdicts. All he could do was to place them as he saw them in the ring. And by that time, usually, every sign of faking and of cruelty was gone.

It was the same in the bull-terrier section, where sharp twisting or sandpapering had imparted to the ears' interiors the requisite rosy tinge. Twisting and wrenching of the ears cause pain to any dog. Probably sandpaper is far more painful.

But if the job be done with skill, how is the judge to know? He cannot snoop around the benches and see how the exhibits are prepared for their showing. As I have told you, ring etiquette forbids that.

Still, these acts are against the American Kennel Club's wise rules.

At a show in the Middle West in my early days there was a Boston terrier which was all but perfect, except that one of his eyes was wholly surrounded with white. This gave him a disreputable non-Boston aspect. His handler covered the white patch with lampblack and with a sharply hurting chemical which made the lampblack stick in place. Thereafter the handler had a few drinks before the judging began.

The judge seems to have had some inkling of the fake. For when the Boston was brought before him, he took out his handkerchief and began briskly to rub the hair around one of the dog's eyes. The handler broke into a merry laugh.

"What are you giggling at?" demanded the judge, still rubbing.

"Because you're rubbing the wrong eye," answered the booze-gay handler, whose dog, naturally, was disqualified.

The American Kennel Club uses every effort in its power to quash faking and to punish cruelty. In an astonishingly large number of instances it succeeds. But many an infringement goes undetected, unpunished.

The American Kennel Club has fought valiantly and brilliantly against the most flagrant of the numerous forms of cruelty connected with dog shows. Namely, the grim ear-cropping evil. In the half-handful of states where cropping has become illegal, the A. K. C. has done its level best to enforce the laws against such torture.

But in the forty-odd states where cropping still is permitted, the Club seems almost helpless.

To my mind, this cropping practice is the worst of all dog-show cruelties. Take any of a number of breeds: the great Dane, the bull terrier, the Boston terrier, the Doberman pinscher, and others. You have noticed the alertly pricked ears of these dogs. Do you suppose the poor brutes were born that way? They were not. Most of them were born with lop ears, somewhat like the pointer's or the setter's.

THEN what happened? I will describe the torture as briefly and as mildly as I can—the ordeal which gives such dogs the sharply alert aspect which they wear in the ring; a look that changes their whole expression.

(Think of it, next time you visit a dog show, won't you? *Cropping is by far the worst abuse, the greatest and most wantonly needless form of cruelty in the whole dog game.*)

Roughly, here is the idea:

A young dog's lop ear is fastened into a vise or a machine at an angle which leaves the lopping part outside the grip of the apparatus. Then, with shears or with razor, the left-over section of the ear is cut off into somewhat the shape of a spearhead.

As the mutilated ear begins to heal, the severed edges tend to pucker together. When they do this, they are ripped wide afresh, tearing loose the adhesions. This is repeated till the sore ends of the ear have time to heal and to skin over in the precise shape ordained for them.

Why?

For no reason at all, except that it is thought by countless breeders that a lop ear gives a dog a too placid aspect, and that sharply pricked ears add to the sprightliness of his expression in the show ring. In the name of this silly fetish, many thousands of friendly and helpless dogs have been put to a somewhat hideous form of torment, a torment dragged out for days and even for weeks.

In England, for a long time, the ear-cropping horror prevailed. Then, almost forty years ago, the Prince of Wales—afterward Edward VII—declared that cropping was an outrage. Instantly the English Kennel Club banned it.

Here we have nobody to act as arbitrary adjuster of canine torture. So the cropping evil went on unchecked until a little while ago. Then the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals succeeded in interesting a very few state legislatures in abolishing it. But in the vast majority of states cropping is still practiced wholesale, undeterred by the law.

In any of these forty-odd states, walk along the sections devoted to ear-cropped dogs. Take note of the exhibits, with their spear-shaped upright ears. Yes, the cut of the ear *does* give them a perky look; a false liveliness of expression. I grant that. But before you accord too much admiration to the luckless animals, stop for a moment to consider the agony involved in making the dogs appear so smart, so well groomed. Was it worth all that?

ON my desk lie several pamphlets from the American Humane Association dealing with the unnecessarily barbarous practice of cropping show dogs. An excerpt from one of them reads:

> One veterinary after another has refused to perform so vile an operation as cropping dogs' ears. But the breeders, many of them, are fighting tooth and nail to keep it up, and to go on having their dogs tortured. . . .
>
> I could understand these people's attitude better if they needed to torture dogs for a livelihood. But they don't. When at last such breeders can be made to understand that the public no longer will buy crop-eared dogs nor go to see exhibitions of crop-eared dogs, they will scramble aboard the Humane Society bandwagon so fast that they'll scrape their shins on its mudguards.

An intemperate but truthful exposition.

I have cited only a few of the abuses which show dogs are forced to endure. Here are one or two others:

In certain breeds a dark and luminous eye is a strong point in the exhibit's favor. To produce this result in dull or light-colored eyes, belladonna occasionally is dropped in between the lids. The effect is all that is sought for. But the poor dog himself is all but blinded for the time. The bad results may continue long after the show, or for life.

I went to a show in Massachusetts long since. In a division which called for liveliness in dogs, a woman gave her female champion a big dose of a standard stimulant. As a result, the unfortunate creature rolled screaming and writhing in anguish on the floor of the ring. The owner told a friend of mine afterward:

"I've tried that drug on several of my show dogs. Sometimes it works. Sometimes not. This time it didn't. I was out of luck."

So was her dog.

In some breeds—notably among collies—an eagerness of expression is demanded when a dog faces a judge. Watch the collie classes and some others next time you go to a show, and notice this. Notice, too, that certain handlers are likely to take from their pockets bits of fried liver or other morsels of food.

The dullest dog is prone to brighten up at sight and scent of this titbit. Why?

Sometimes just because he chances to like that kind of fare. But much oftener because he has not been fed for so long a time that the chance of gobbling a single mouthful of *any* food stirs the creature to keen excitement.

The abuses I have been describing are somewhat more the exception than the rule. But the exceptions are frequent enough to warrant my story of them.

Law-abiding is more common among humans than is racketeering. Yet there is enough of the latter to warrant front-page news stories.

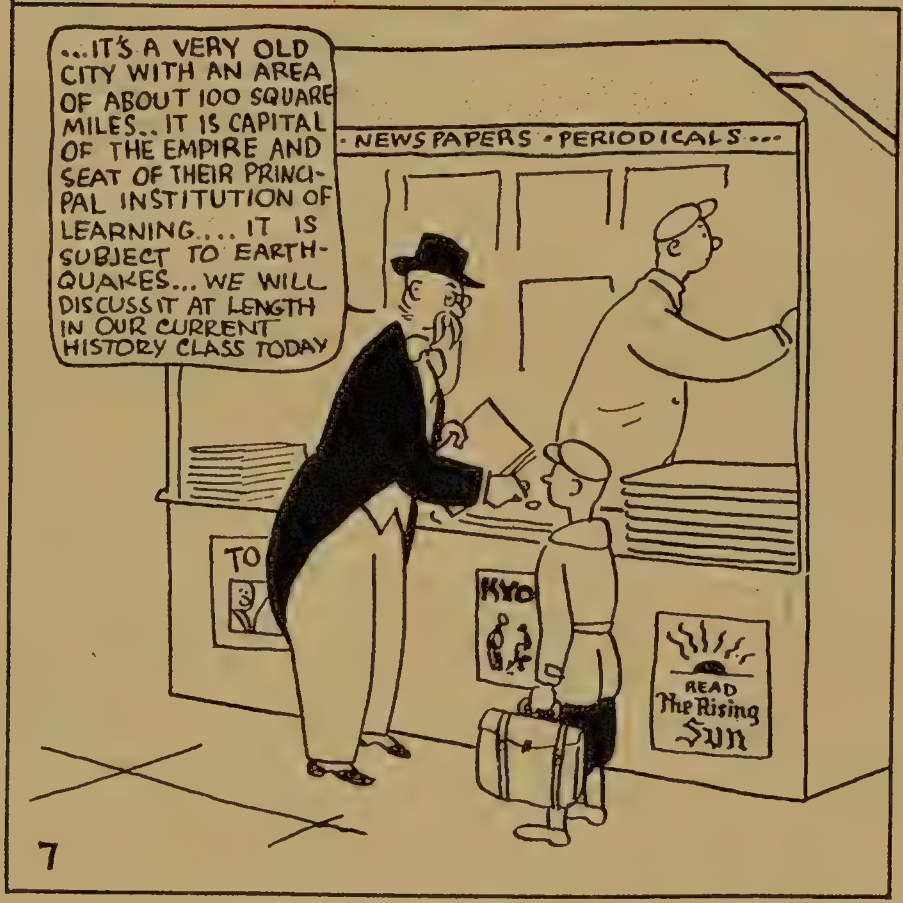
The American Kennel Club hunts out offenders of all kinds. It shows scant mercy to tortures and to fakers.

But, till the United States government can abolish lawlessness, can you expect the A. K. C. to achieve much more than does Uncle Sam?

THE END

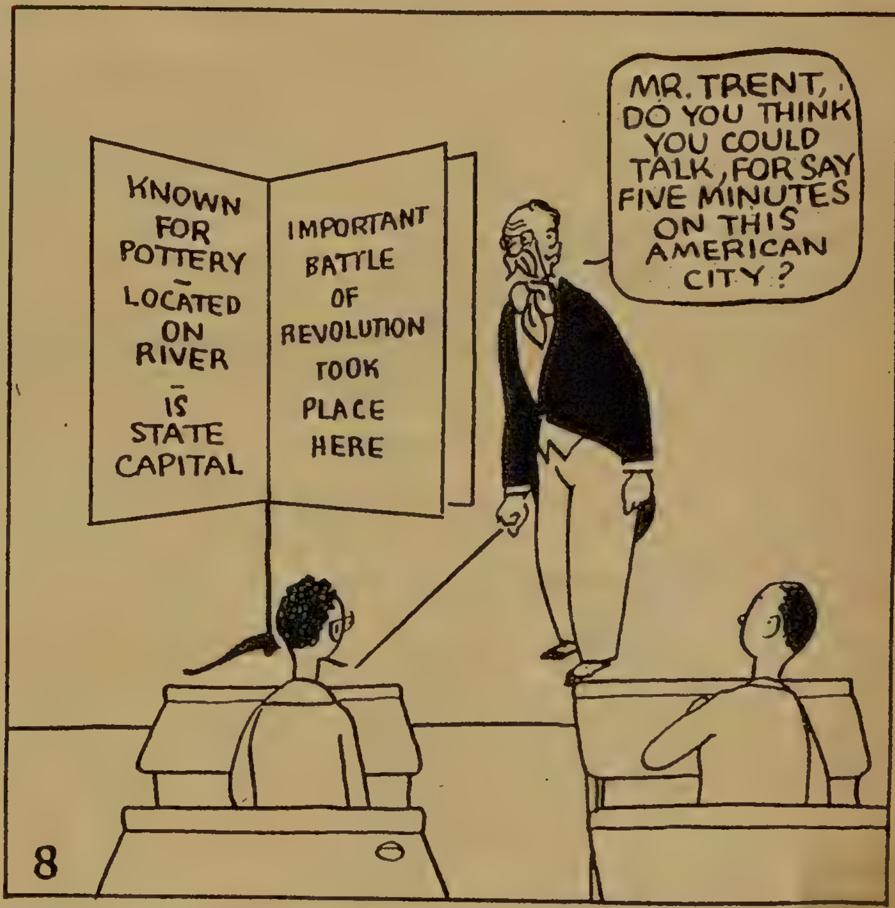
INTERNATIONAL
GEOGRAPHY GAME

$2,000 IN 223 CASH PRIZES YOUR CHANCE TO WIN MONEY IS EXCELLENT


...IT'S A VERY OLD CITY WITH AN AREA OF ABOUT 100 SQUARE MILES.. IT IS CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE AND SEAT OF THEIR PRINCIPAL INSTITUTION OF LEARNING.... IT IS SUBJECT TO EARTHQUAKES... WE WILL DISCUSS IT AT LENGTH IN OUR CURRENT HISTORY CLASS TODAY
· NEWS PAPERS · PERIODICALS ···
TO
KYO
READ The Rising Sun

7

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


KNOWN FOR POTTERY — LOCATED ON RIVER — IS STATE CAPITAL
IMPORTANT BATTLE OF REVOLUTION TOOK PLACE HERE
MR. TRENT, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD TALK, FOR SAY FIVE MINUTES ON THIS AMERICAN CITY?

8

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

THESE CASH PRIZES MUST BE PAID! WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

START YOUR ENTRY NOW —DELAY IS DANGEROUS!

YOU can find the name of a place prominent in the international news of the times revealed by Drawing 7. Write it down. That's all you need to do to begin an entry and start on your way toward one of Liberty's 223 cash awards. Don't delay. Get into the game now. After you have discovered the name of the place revealed by Drawing 7, study Drawing 8 and write down the name of the place it discloses.

LATE ENTRY!

If you have given away or mislaid the issues of Liberty containing the first six drawings, you will need free reprints of the drawings in order to bring your entry up to date. Mail a request for the drawings you need to the contest address in Rule 6 and they will be sent without delay. Liberty cannot engage in any other correspondence with contestants, however.

SET NO. 5 OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

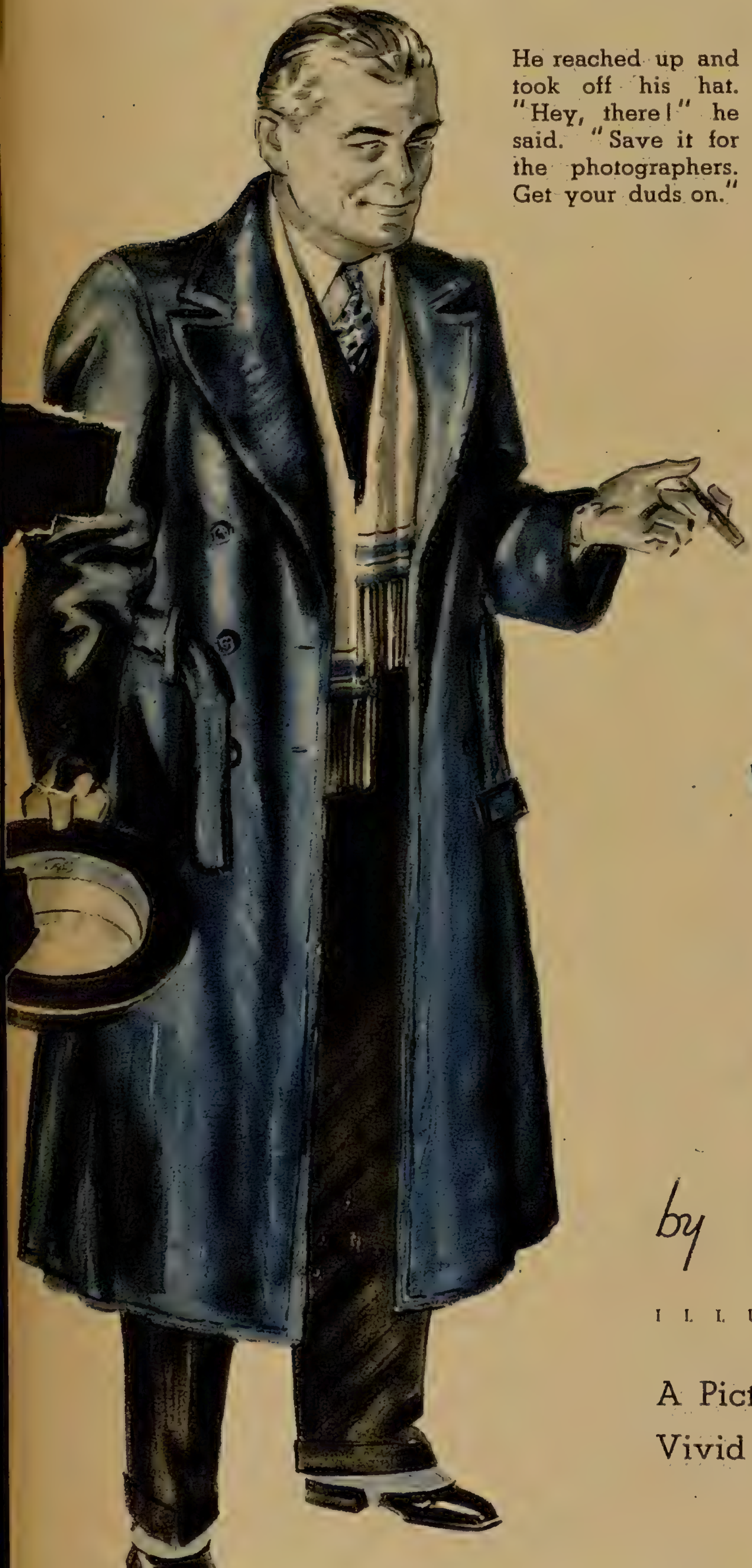
Snowed Under

by LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

A Picturesque Invasion, a Sparkling Surprise . . . and a Vivid Romance of 1936 Comes Swiftly to an End

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 4 SECONDS



He reached up and took off his hat. "Hey, there!" he said. "Save it for the photographers. Get your duds on."

THE snow shovelers shaded their eyes against the sun dazzle. Orlando, whose vision seemed to be the best, said it was a dog team. They were boosting the sled out of the roadway up on to the snow, over the highway wall. Josh ran to the house to get his field glasses. Something was being loaded on to the sled and tied. Then a bulky little man in a cinnamon-colored fur coat and a derby hat was boosted up on the snow. Josh was back with the binoculars now, focusing them.

" Jumping Jupiter! " he cried. " It's Arthur Layton. I'd know that old plush coat in a million. And the cigar."

" Layton? " said Daisy. " Out in this snow? I don't believe it! He'd as soon go to the South Pole."

Alice was tugging at Josh's arm; he handed her the glasses.

" It certainly is," she said, incredulous. " In that plush coat of his and a derby—and, Josh, his ears are perfectly black. Do you think they're frozen? "

Daisy was taking the glasses away from her.

" It's ear muffs," she announced. " Black-velvet ear muffs. Where on earth did he get 'em? "

" Where did he get a dog team? " Alice countered.

" That's a movie camera they were putting on," Daisy announced. " I can see the tripod. And there's another man besides the Eskimo. He's on skis—no, it's snowshoes."

" The cameraman," Josh said. " Didn't he tell you he was bringing a cameraman, Alice? "

" You mean from the papers? " Daisy demanded, handing the binoculars to Orlando. " You knew he was coming with reporters and you didn't tell me! " Miss Lowell was angry.

" He said he'd have a spread and pictures in the papers," Alice confirmed apologetically. " We didn't take him seriously."

" My God! " said Daisy. " And me here? Listen. Not me! I have my reputation to consider. You can be here, Alice, but not me! " She was already on her way back along the cleared path.

" Where are you going? " Orlando demanded.

" In the house and lock myself in—in the guest bedroom, and if any of you so much as peeps that I'm here before any newspaper reporter or newsreel man, I'll—I'll sue you!" she called back.

Orlando looked at Josh.

"Let her go," said Josh. "That's one load off my mind. It would be awkward for all of us."

"I'm going with her," Alice announced suddenly.

"You are not," said Tanner firmly.

"Do you think I want to be spread all over the papers from here to Hollywood? It would be a laugh from coast to coast! Every one would put the worst possible construction on it." She was furious, suddenly.

Without waiting for an argument, she whirled and ran after Daisy, who was running, now, with her head down. When Daisy tried to turn in at the door, her feet went out from under her and she sprawled. A nasty fall, Alice thought, and slowed down. Now, if she's broken something, we'll have another situation! But Daisy had picked herself up and was lunging into the house. Alice found her sprawled on a chair, gasping for breath.

"Did you hurt yourself?" she demanded, panting.

"No—knocked—breath out of me—fell on my fanny!"

She jumped to her feet suddenly, made for the stairs, Alice at her heels. In the bedroom, with the door locked, Daisy flung herself across the bed, panting, and delivered herself of her opinion of Arthur Layton. She swore with fluency, force, and art.

"What in hell if he was a press agent before he turned honest?" she answered Alice's soothing argument. "Does that give him the right to make me ridiculous? Coming out here without warning, just to give the press a Roman holiday! And expecting me to go in a show for him, and be the laugh of Broadway."

"What about your suit against Josh—your warrant, I mean?" Alice reminded her rather tartly. "I don't see the difference—"

"That didn't make me a laugh—I was a wronged woman. Anyway, the judge said he wouldn't give out anything to the papers until the warrant had been served."

"But weren't you in court Monday? Weren't there reporters—"

"No. I talked to the judge in chambers. I thought Josh would pay up rather than get into the papers."

"I see," said Alice. "Well, we may have quite a wait, and we can't talk." She locked the door to the bathroom, pulled a chair to the window, sat down. Daisy lay on her back, looking at the ceiling. Presently she said:

"Of course we *would* be on the wrong side of the house, where we can't see what's happening. What got into Becky Quinn, by the way? Mac wouldn't say. Did the boy friend bark at her?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Alice. "They're coming!"

They could hear the driver shouting at his dog team,

faint and far off, then nearer, still nearer. Sound carried well in this clear windless snow-shrouded world.

“Daisy,” said Alice, very low. “I want to ask you something. Will you not say anything to any one about Becky Quinn’s coming here? Josh and I agree—and so does Robert—that she must be protected from any—any scandal. She had no business coming here Monday night—”

“I thought she had very special business,” Daisy snorted.

“But she’s only a romantic kid, and there has been nothing—nothing that really matters between her and Josh. I made the poor child admit that this afternoon.”

“So that’s why she was crying? Becky’s busted bubble. The poor kid! She certainly took it hard. Tell me about it.”

The men’s voices were very close to the house. Alice laid a finger over her lips.

“I always wanted a dormer window in that roof,” Daisy murmured. “If we had one, we could see.”

They could hear, at least occasionally, when a voice was raised. Evidently the cameraman was taking pictures, for they heard him call out: “That’s good. Now, Mr. Tanner, we’re ready. You come out of the door and look astonished and joyful—see? Then you rush over and shake hands with Mr. Layton and the driver. And look out for that damned last dog—he bit me. Now let’s go through it once without the camera. Ready! Come out. More astonishment. Now a big grin. That’s swell! Now hand him the play. *Look out for that mutt!*”

A new high-pitched voice cut in with a stream of Canuck profanity; there was a sharp yelping; the pack broke into pandemonium right under the eaves.

Then quiet was restored, and Mr. Tanner went through the performance, this time eluding the last dog.

“I guess he didn’t bite him very bad,” Daisy whispered. “He’s got on boots.” She seemed to regret it a little.

The front door banged.

“Alice!” a man called out. “Oh, Alice!” It was Arthur Layton.

ALICE and Daisy looked at each other. Daisy was grinning. She whispered:

“Somebody tattled. I guess you make the pictures, kid.”

Layton was clumping around through the first floor.

“*Alice!*” he yelled again. He was coming upstairs now. He halted at the door of Josh’s bedroom, came through into the bathroom, tried the locked connecting door, rapped on it.

“Alice,” he said, “I know you’re in there. Come on down. Josh wants you.”

Alice went over to the door; she was trembling with anger.

“You have no right to do this,” she said through the door.

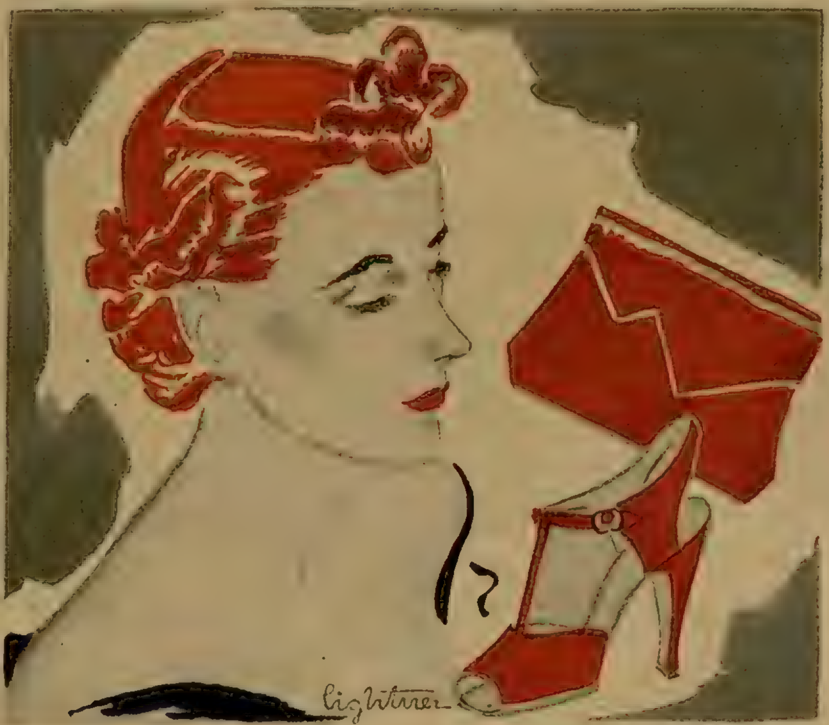
“Why not? Come on down, sweetheart. Everybody knows you’re here. If you don’t, it’ll look funny.”

Alice whirled, walked to the door that led to the balcony passage. Daisy was up off the bed; was she coming?

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

Baronne Accurti, the beautiful sister-in-law of Prince Romanoff, appeared recently at a benefit sponsored by Sacha Guitry wearing a dress of palest blue and with gold hair to match her gold slippers and purse. The hair was not dyed, but gained its color through use of a brand-new brilliantine which lasts for a single evening, so you don’t face a “Midas” head in the morning.

DORA MILLER.



No. Daisy was there just to lock the door behind her.

“I could wring your neck,” Alice snapped at the beaming little Irishman, when he confronted her emerging from the door of the other bedroom.

“Bawl me out later,” he said, as she brushed past him, ignoring his extended hand. “The light’s going pretty fast, and you’ve got to be in the picture.”

She turned on him at the foot of the stairs, blazing.

“I will not be in any picture, and you can’t make me. I could kill you!” She drew a sharp breath. “You send Josh Tanner in here to me, and you keep those men outside.”

“All right,” said Layton meekly. “But—Alice—think what this means to the play. God, if I could only have brought a sound truck up here! But we can dub in the speech when we get to New York. Listen, Alice. This is the best stunt I ever pulled, almost. Won’t you be a sport and get in it? With a beautiful woman like you—why, it’d make the rotogravures from coast to coast. Here you are, you and Josh, reconciled after four years, collaborating on this play, and you’re snowed in, and romance blooms again—”

“ROMANCE, hell!” Alice spat at him. “You send Josh Tanner in here and I’ll show him how romance blooms. I’ll never forgive either of you for this to my dying day!”

“Now don’t be like that,” Arthur pleaded. “Here I hire this dog team at forty dollars an hour—”

“Where on earth did you find it?” Alice demanded, not too outraged to ask.

“It fell into my lap. Tomorrow there’s the Washington’s Birthday Dog Derby in Central Park, and there’s a big spread in the Journal yesterday afternoon, and it comes over me like a flash—”

“I see,” said Alice. “Never mind the details.”

“And I put it up to Wimpfheimer, and he said if he wasn’t sailing tomorrow he’d come himself. He’s tickled to death.”

“Is he tickled to death about the play? That’s what I want to know. You never did tell me when you phoned. Were you drunk, or what?”

“Well, I was kind of high.” Layton grinned. “I damn near froze my ears coming up in the truck. But I’m sober now. If you knew what we went through, getting up here from Westport with that damned camera and tripod and a still camera, and I can’t ski or snowshoe— The damned sled turned over twice.”

The picture of little roly-poly Arthur, in his teddy-bear plush coat, his derby and velvet ear muffs, trying to snowshoe seven miles after a dog team was too much. But sitting on a dog sled, with that eternal cigar in his mouth— She was going to laugh, and that would never do. She fought it back.

“And now that you’re here, what are you going to do about it? Josh is under arrest.”

“Don’t tell the reporter that, for heaven’s sake! He thinks the sheriff is just a neighbor fellow.”

“Are you going to take him to court on the dog team?” Alice pursued sarcastically.

“If you’d just listen, I’d tell you. Wimpfheimer got busy as soon as he read your play. He got the judge on the telephone. It’s all fixed up. I’ve got a check here for fifteen hundred dollars, certified. I'll turn that over to the sheriff. And I've got another check for five hundred here for Josh, just in case he needed it."

"You mean Wimpfheimer put up two thousand dollars just on the strength of that third act I wrote?"

"You wrote! What do you mean?"

"It's too complicated to explain, Arthur. You mean Josh didn't tell you he wrote a third act and I wrote a third act?"

"No. I don't get you."

"What did he tell you, then? I mean yesterday, or whenever he phoned you. Things have been happening so fast—"

"Why, he said you and he between you had finished it. He didn't phone until after he came back, did he? No; he went somewhere to telephone. Anyway, you'd already phoned it in, and I told him I thought it was swell and Wimpfheimer was reading it."

"And you told him you were coming out here with a dog team."

Layton grinned guiltily. "I saved that for a surprise."

"Well, it was a surprise, all right! Now what do you propose to do?"

"Take you and Josh back to Westport and on to New York. Wimpfheimer wants to talk to both of you before he sails tomorrow. His wife has an idea for another play, and he wants you two to start on it as soon as this one's set. Two thousand advance, this time. A thousand before you start, a thousand when you finish—"

"You won't take me back on your dog sled. Can you and Josh both ride on it? You've got to take him. I'll come later."

"NOW, listen," Layton pleaded. "It's all fixed up. In the first place, the road's open, all but three miles of it. We can all go in a car I hired down the road. It's out there waiting. We portage you over the three miles—you and the cameras—and the driver comes back for Josh and me. We've got to be starting; it'll be dark. Now, where's Lowell? I want to talk to her."

Alice wouldn't answer.

"I know she's here. The reporter don't know it—but Josh said so."

"Have you a cameraman *and* a reporter out there? Why didn't you bring the whole Newspaper Guild?"

"Where is she? Up in the room where you were?" Layton was losing his temper now.

"Go up and knock and find out. I'm not telling. But I'd mention the check. And shouldn't her lawyer be here? He's not."

"Where is he?"

Alice mentally threw up her hands. "Out for a walk on the snowshoes," she said, exasperated. "That's too long to explain, too. I suppose it's all right if the judge says so and she agrees."

"She'll agree," said Layton grimly.

"She's not so bad, Arthur. I've learned a lot in three days. Wait. Before you go upstairs, call Josh in here,

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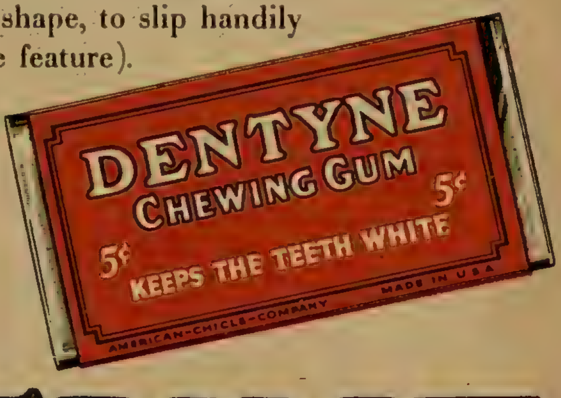


DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

without the gentleman of the press. Don't tell them I'm here. You couldn't find me. And give me a few minutes alone with that crazy nut."

Arthur came in with Tanner before Alice had had time to warm up her cooled-off anger at the fire. Layton merely grinned like a Cheshire cat, stumped upstairs, went into Josh's bedroom, evidently intending to negotiate with Miss Lowell through the bathroom door. Alice waited for Mr. Tanner on the hearthrug, her back to the fire. He had taken off the bandage she had put on so carefully, to pose for pictures. Publicity!

"Well, darling," said Mr. Tanner, trying to cover his apprehension with joviality, "everything's fixed. I can't thank you—"

"I didn't call you in here to thank me," she snapped. "I want to know *why* you told the newspaperman that I was here, and *how* you got the idiotic idea that I would take any part in—"

He had caught her arms—she stopped talking to wrench out of his grasp. He let her go.

"Arthur had told him. I didn't. So of course he wanted you in the pictures. It wasn't my idea. Alice, Arthur says you refused to come to New York with us. Why?"

"Certainly! Have you gone mad too? I could kill Arthur Layton—"

"You don't know the worst of it yet. He told the reporter out there that—that you and I were going to remarry right away."

Alice could only gasp. When she found her voice, she stammered:

"Of course you told him it was a lie."

"No, I didn't. As far as I'm concerned, it isn't. I've been interrupted three times this afternoon, trying to ask you. Now you're going to stand still and listen, if I have to hit you with the poker."

"And you think I'd have hung my head and said, 'Yes, Josh'?" She was being as nasty as she knew how to be, now.

"No; I thought you might hang another poker over my head before you said yes, but I did think you'd say yes. Alice, won't you? I—I—I can't make speeches to you." He stopped, swallowed. "I can't make speeches because —they'd sound like a third-act curtain. But—I wrote that last scene—in this play—last night—for you."

THE condescending conquering male was stammering like a schoolboy. There were tears in his eyes.

His face seemed to break, all at once, into little pieces. Josh Tanner crying? Never before in her life with him—

He groped backward to the divan, sat down on it, buried his face in his hands.

"Josh," she said softly. He couldn't answer. She glided over and sat down beside him, put her arm around him.

"Lover," she said, humbly now. "Do you remember just how that last scene goes? Your third-act curtain?"

He nodded without looking up.

"Will you read it for me? I want to hear you say it."

He looked up, around at her, puzzled. She mopped his eyes with her handkerchief, smiling into them with a tenderness that she had never, never been able to harden and shatter. You're going back into this with your eyes open, she told herself. You know this isn't the end; it's a second beginning, and you cannot guess the end. But it's what you want and it's all you want and—take it!

"Just begin where he—tells her he still loves her and wants to come back," she said. "If you don't remember all the lines, I can prompt you. She says: 'So you've come back?' Go on, darling. Say it. It's beautiful."

He had slipped down on to his knees, beside her. He looked at her, groped for her with his burned hands, dropped his wounded head, clinging to her. To see this headstrong, stubborn, prideful man cry like a child, his head in her lap, took the last of the resistance she possessed.

SHE smoothed his hair with her fingers, ruffled it gently, smoothed it again. There were a few gray hairs among the black—at thirty-three; she had noticed that while she was dressing his wounds. There was more wisdom inside that shapely skull. The way he had handled Becky proved that. Four years ago he could never have resisted her. And the artist had not been killed by his own folly. In the midst of this ridiculous badgering—between two reminders of his past follies, the temptation of a poor little rich girl who could be a temporary way out, a warrant, a sheriff in the house, a lawyer, a blizzard, Daisy's nastiness, Becky's antics, her own snooty scorn—he had quietly walked out and finished his play and written the best first draft of a third act that he had ever turned out —and that in eighteen hours!

He's on his way again, and you've been acting this way, Alice Merritt, only because you were afraid that he wouldn't want to take you along. Now eat your humble pie!

She bent over his head; she couldn't quite reach it with her lips.

"Never mind," she murmured, and the tears got into her voice. "Never mind saying it, lover; I know you mean it. This way is sweeter. But I'm going to say the last line for us, because, for me, it's so true." She caught her breath. "'It seems to me now that there never was any one else but you.'" She fought back a sob. "And what does it matter that there was, if it seems to me now that there wasn't?"

A little man gumshoed out on to the balcony—a Cupid in a derby, a plush overcoat, a cigar in his fingers. He stopped short, leaned on the rail, looking down at the two in the firelight: Alice Merritt crying her heart out in Tanner's arms on the divan. The little man reached up and took off his hat, which he had never removed in this cold house. His lips moved as though in prayer.

"Thank God!" he muttered reverently. "And you did it, you sentimental Irish fool. You knew what they wanted all the time. It worked out just like you figured, sending her up here. A few little things happened that weren't on the program, but there's your happy ending. What a picture! Arthur Layton presents Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Tanner in a revival of that celebrated classic, I Love You Truly, by Shakespeare and others. There's millions in it! There always was and always will be."

Being Arthur Layton, what he said aloud was: "Hey, there! Save it for the photographers. Get your duds on, you two. It's getting late and we've got to hurry to make the morning papers."

But he had tears in his eyes and no wisecracks at all in his heart when he kissed the bride at the foot of the stairs.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Charles M. Schwab.

2—Both; Camille appeared as a novel (1848) a year before its dramatization.

3—Helen Wills Moody.

4—Nothing.

5—Under ten pounds.

6—Light handy boats for officers' use that are sailless and can be pulled by one man.

7—All chew their cuds.

8—Because recidivists are confirmed criminals.

9—Yes, the Amargosa River; it enters from the south through a canyon but eventually disappears in the valley.

10—Herbert Hoover's.

11—Purple. The resulting alloy is too brittle to be practical for jewelry.

12—Ocean currents produced by prevailing winds.

13—Steam causes certain spores and organisms to swell tremendously; when the pressure is suddenly reduced, the drop in temperature causes them to burst.

14—Because it was "the year without a summer." Frost and snow were reported in June, July, and August in the northern states.

15—Three important foods that contain copper are beefsteak, liver, and milk.

16—Tobacco Road.

17—Joel Chandler Harris.

18—William Rufus King, who in 1852 was elected with Franklin Pierce. In bad health, King took the oath of office in Cuba. He returned to his Alabama home, where he died, April 18, 1853, without having actively served as Vice-President.

19—Twenty to thirty years in their husks if stored in a dry place.

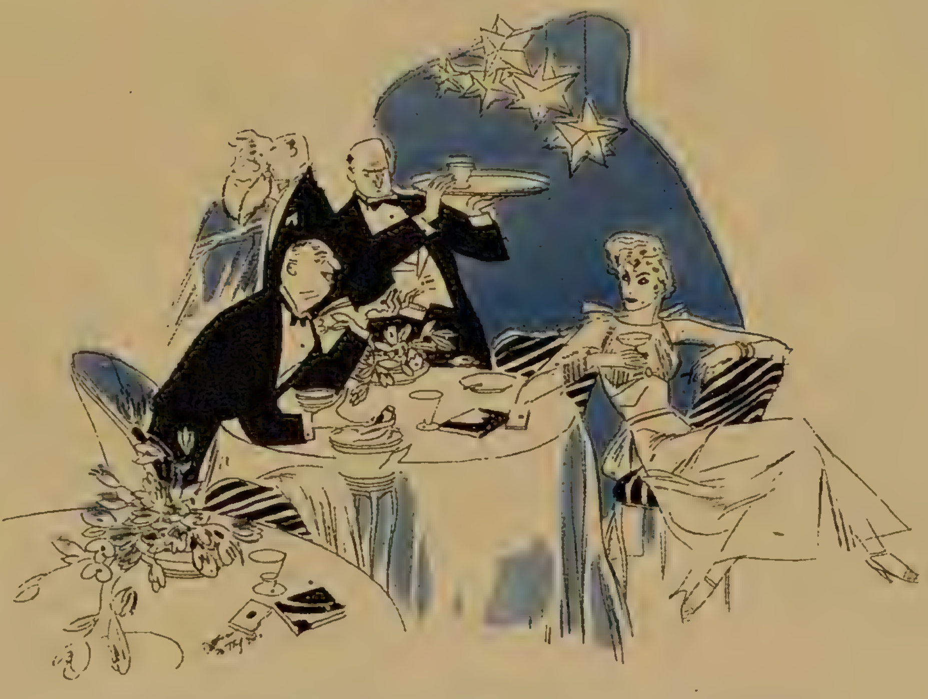
20— Aaron Burr.

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette

In This Issue: Problem Men and How to Solve Them . . . It Seems You Just Treat Them with Tact

by DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



The worst type of Problem Man is the one who tells the same stories over and over again.

A BRANCH of etiquette on which you may hang your hopes is Tact. If you learn Tact, there is no nut you cannot crack. Some nuts you meet are cracked to begin with, but if the gentleman is wealthy enough, you call him an Eccentric and ignore the blemish. That's the Tact in you coming out. In order to get the most out of life and the people with whom you come into contact, you must know how to cope with some trying situations. Take, for example, the fellow who sends you a single rose accompanied by a poem that goes:

Your hair, your eyes, your turned-up nose,
Accept this perfect single rose.
It is a flower, a flower apart.
It carries my heart in its heart.

Nuts, isn't it? Now, poetry is all right in its place, which is in a book you can put on the bookshelf and leave it there. But something has to be done about a gentleman who sends *one* flower. When times are hard you may put up with a single orchid, just to show your good sportsmanship. But why string along on one rose? Don't let any of your boy friends get away with it. It spoils them for other girls, and you must be humanitarian in this world. Give and let give.

Say that you have been the unfortunate recipient of this so-called token of a gentleman's esteem. You thank him for it charmingly, as if he had sent you the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. But you tell him, in such a baby voice, that you have no vase in the house fit to hold such a perfect flower, and you need at least a sterling-silver one to hold a rose that contains a gentleman's heart.

Thus you will undoubtedly acquire a nice expensive vase—a small gain to be sure, but any advance in profits these days is notable.

Then there is the robust old gentleman who believes in exercise. That's his weakness, and it would be all right with you if he didn't expect you to suffer with him. He wouldn't think of taking a taxi unless there was a blizzard, so if you happen to meet him in the summertime you are in for some hiking every time you have an engagement with him.

"Walk," he tells you. "It's good for the soul."

"It may be good for the soul," you agree, "but it's a strain on the tootsies in these ready-made shoes."

See how nicely you have led up to the point? He will tell you the trouble with your feet is that you don't have your shoes made to order. But he knows just the place. All his daughters go there. If you follow through, you ought to have a standing order to get all your shoes made there in the future at his expense. Simple, isn't it?

Such little maneuvers come under the heading of small fry, but remember—everything must have a beginning. Take my last trip to Europe for instance. It all started in a small way.

There was an elderly Eccentric of my acquaintance who wanted to educate me. I was, he said, a diamond in the rough. He sent me books and tickets to lectures, and soon I became avid to know more. I read all the titles of the books so I could discuss them with him pretty thoroughly, letting him do all the talking. I attended all the lectures by proxy, sending a friend of mine who needed a little money and who would accept anything that was free, even tickets to a lecture. She sat through them and told me what they were about for the small sum of a dollar a lecture.

At the end of the season my ancient benefactor could see the improvement in me. I was like a bud unfolding. A mysterious flower is a woman's mind. Those were his very words. Well, another petal in my mind unfolded and gave forth the scent of a swell idea. I became discontented—introspective. (That's when you seem to be having thoughts all by yourself.) I wanted to know more. Over in Europe where the culture grows wild, so to speak, was the place for me. If I could just have a little educational trip abroad, I knew I would come back a better and wiser girl for it.

My kind friend saw the point, and the next thing I knew he had sent me to Paris, where you can get as neat an education as any chorus girl should have.

Patience is one virtue you will need in your association with Eccentrics. In the soul of many a man lurks the desire to be an actor. It usually doesn't take on a violent aspect, however, except in one of these Problem Men.

I met a man who was charming in every way except in his desire to want to act all the time. I mean by that, he sent me lovely presents, took me to all the smartest places, and even went so far as to finance a trip to Florida for me and my friend Trixie de Vere when we got fed up with the show one winter and thought we needed a little change.

You can readily see that such a man is not to be scorned simply because he is eccentric. You can even turn his phobia into profit if you go about it the right way.

Now, every time we needed a taxi he would stand on the street and declaim in a deep and very loud voice: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" Ill-bred people would stare, and I was naturally embarrassed. "Why," I asked him, "do you do that when you don't want a horse at all, but a taxi?"

"Don't you know, my child, there were no taxis in

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

"My skin cleared up like Magic!"

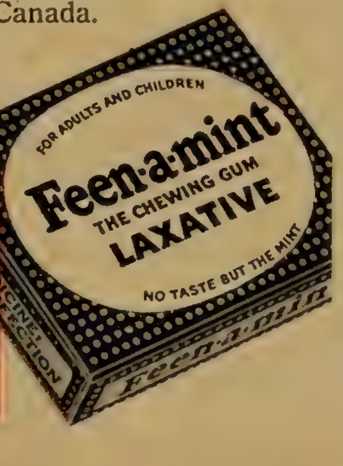
THE
3
MINUTE WAY

"I RELY ON THIS TRULY MODERN LAXATIVE"

A dull skin, blotches, and bad breath—these may be warnings of constipation—accumulated poisons in your system. When you notice such telltale signs, do as millions of others do—place your confidence in FEEN-A-MINT and the "three-minute way." The "three-minute way" means that you simply chew delicious FEEN-A-MINT for three minutes,* preferably while going to bed—and in the morning you will find gentle but thorough relief. The very act of chewing makes FEEN-A-MINT better. Its tasteless, medicinal content mixes thoroughly with saliva and goes to work easily, gradually—not all at once. No unpleasant after-effects. And the children love it for its clean, refreshing taste. Get a box for the whole family, 15 cents and 25 cents—slightly higher in Canada.

* Longer, if you care to

better because you chew it



the days of Richard the Third?" He seemed very sad about it.

"So what has he got to do with it? You can see yourself it doesn't make sense." He tried to explain that when Richard the Third wanted to go places and do things he would always page a horse, according to Mr. Shakespeare, who wrote a play about him. And my friend wished he could be a Shakespearean actor, so that was how he got that way. You have to delve deep into these psychopathic cases.

He used to call me on the telephone. I'd say, "Who is it?" And then he would start. "By a name I know not how to tell thee who I am: My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself, because it is an enemy to thee!"

"Don't be silly," I would reply. "You're no enemy. I'm cra-a-a-zy about you. How are you, honey?"

To which perfectly honest question he would reply: "If thou but lovest me I am vaunted high, with heaven for a footstool, lady fair." Honestly, this sort of thing can get on your nerves. I mean it really can. And just try to say good night to a fellow like that.

"I've had a swell time," you say. "Call me up tomorrow."

That is his cue to catch your hand and start up. "Parting," he declaims, "is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say good night till it be morrow." You, being dead on your feet, could do no such thing, so you say that you think what you both need is some sleep. This gives him a new idea.

"Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. To sleep; to sleep: perchance to dream. Macbeth does murder sleep." It gives you the creeps, doesn't it?

I BEGAN to think I'd really have to give him the air, when I was struck by a brilliant idea. Leo Katz was putting on a new play, that is, he was putting it on if he could get the dough. There was a small part in it, a butler, and I thought of my friend. I asked him how he would actually like to be in a real play with scenery and everything. He became, for once, almost speechless, but managed to gasp: "The plot, the plot, I beseech thee!"

"The plot," I explained, "is that this fellow could give you a swell part in this play if he gets the dough—ducats to you. All he needs is a little financial help."

"Gramercy," he said. "Gramercy."

"Yeah," I said, "I know your telephone number, but help is what I said he needs."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Lead me thither to yon man," he said. "And we will seal the bond."

You see, nuts as he sounded, he got the idea right away. And it worked out swell for me. Katz of course gave me a percentage on the money I got for him from my friend, and also a little piece of the show, and everybody was happy.

The poor old-fashioned Problem Man we have always with us. Perhaps you have already guessed that I mean the man whose wife doesn't understand him. If he can't think of a better one than this to win your attention, he doesn't deserve it. His wife doesn't understand him indeed! He's as obvious as the finale of a musical comedy. You understand him all too well, and you are not interested. A married man's place is in the home—preferably his own.

A STEP up is the married man whose wife is in Europe. If he dotes on taking you to dinner, the chances are friend wife is dining with some bogus count herself, and, after all, a girl has to eat—preferably at the Ritz.

But since your ultimate aim is marriage, with the security of a town and country house, charge accounts at all the better shops, and a little jaunt to Europe yourself now and then, you ought to have your eye out for the single man. Singleness of purpose and single men is your motto. A fish that has already been caught is not the one for you to get your hooks on.

Probably the worst type of Problem Man is the one who tells the same stories over and over again. You wouldn't put up with that sort of thing from your own brother, but when a gentleman happens to be the sole heir to Millions, who are you not to listen with wrapped attention? Yes, I said wrapped, and that's what I mean. You wrap your thoughts around something else while he tells you for the tenth time that one about the traveling salesman.

First, when he starts with the usual "Stop me if you've heard this one" (just *try* and stop him!), you assume a look of anticipation. Then you permit a wide smile to spread over your face, and when silence descends several minutes later, you burst into a laugh. The story is over and you haven't heard a word.

There are any number of delightful things you can think about while your facial expression is working for you. For instance, about the time he will give you that little roadster you have been wanting for so long. And about next summer, when he is positively going abroad for six months.

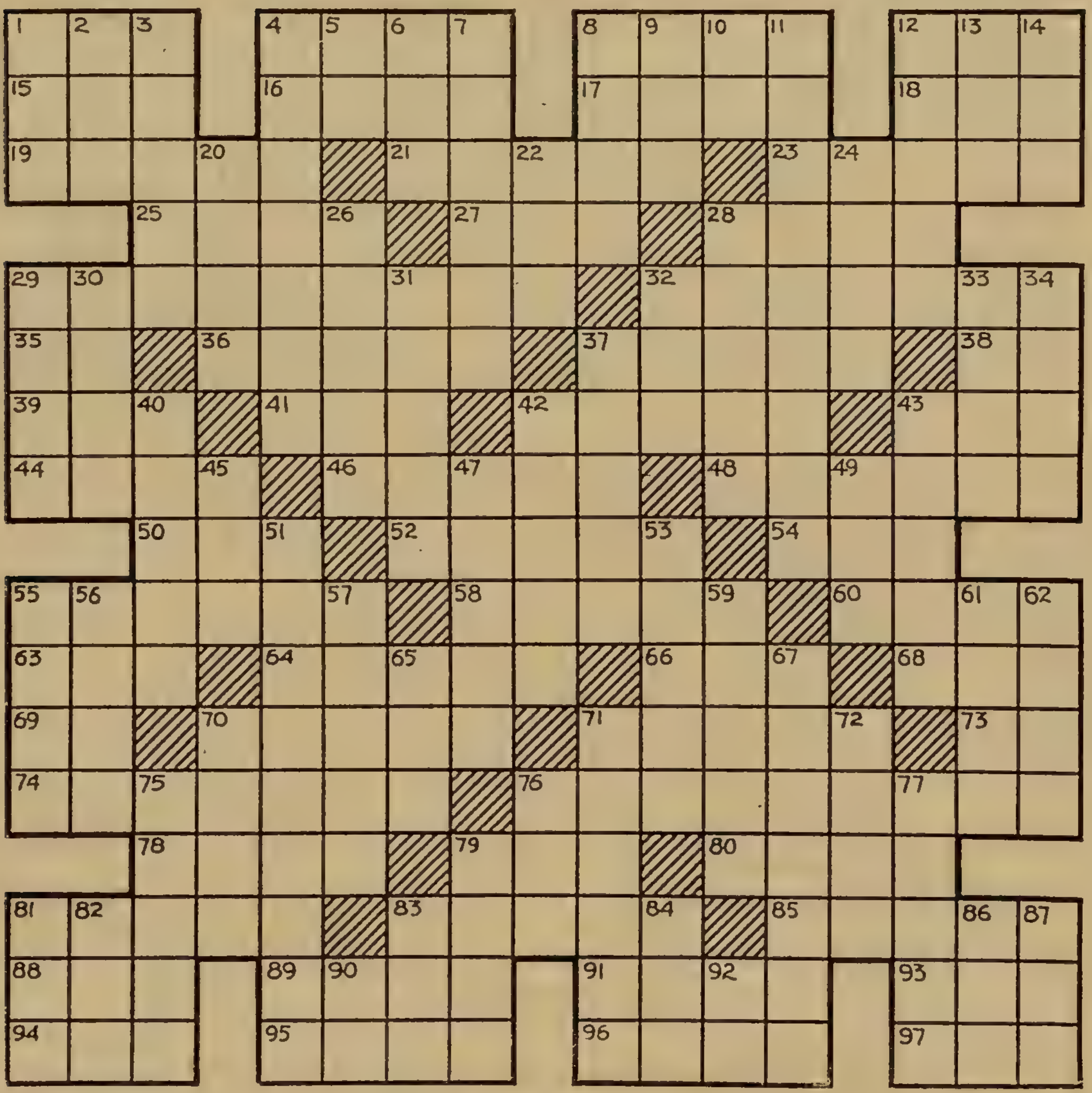
Being a good listener is all this type of gentleman requires of you, and he will reward you for your attention.

It's true you don't learn much from a man like this, but you know enough anyway.

So you see, girls, to sum up—and you ought to have a very nice sum if you follow my advice—if you treat these Problem Men with Tact, you are not only making them happier, better men, but you are becoming a happier, better girl yourself.

Another instructive lecture by the theater's foremost social arbiter will be published soon.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Companion (slang)
4 A liquor of fermented honey and water
8 A manger for cattle
12 River in Scotland
15 Custom
16 Woman's name
17 Comfort
18 Hurried
19 Eggs of fishes
21 Watchful
23 Courses of feeding
25 Oceans
27 Compass point
28 Disorder
29 Kind of nut (plural)
32 Edits
35 Note of the scale
36 Annoy
37 City in France
38 Mother (colloq.)
39 Deviate from the true course
41 Sooner than
42 Hostelry
43 Appropriate
44 Apprehension of evil
46 Sea eagles
48 Rigid
50 Child's marble
52 Painful spots
54 Obscure
55 A tribe of American Indians (plural)
58 This day
60 Silent
63 A cyst
64 Cardinal number
66 Upper part of an apron
68 Hasten
69 Printer's measure
70 Sedate
71 Repose
73 Symbol for nickel
74 Free from hypocrisy
76 Shielded
78 Paddles
79 Recline
80 Dreadful
81 Sheared
83 Measure of weight
85 Repairs
88 Goddess of dawn
89 Esau
91 City in Italy
93 Also
94 Period of time
95 Mechanical repetition
96 Comprehends
97 Pen for animals

P	R	O	S	P	E	R	I	T	Y			B	B	
L	I	V	E	■	L	I	T	R	E		P	O	O	F
O	P	A	L	■	E	P	E	E	S		R	O	S	A
W	A	L	L	O	P	■	M	A	M	M	O	T	H	S
				A	H	S	■	T	E	E	S	■	■	C
H	A	T		T	A	W	S	■	N	A	P	O	L	I
A	M	W		S	N	A	P	S	■	L	E	M	O	N
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G	E	N	R	E	■	T	R	O	O	P		T	I	T
O	R	G	I	E	S	■	E	T	R	E		S	C	E
V	■	■	S	N	U	B	■	E	K	E				
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	L	G			X	Y	L	O	P	H	O	N	E	S

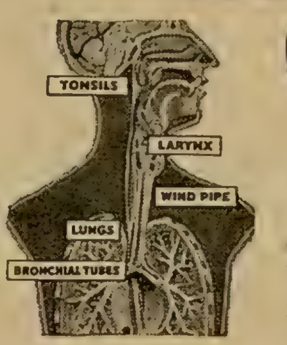
Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Secretion from inflamed tissues
2 A snake
3 To rent
4 A marine animal
5 Printer's measure
6 Prefix: again
7 Strike out
8 Part of a bird's bill
9 A rodent
10 Form of to be
11 Treated devilishly
12 Attire
13 Consume
14 Printer's meas. (pl.)
20 Compass point
22 Letter of the alphabet
24 Egyptian goddess
26 A trap
28 Pools
29 Musical character
30 A rodent
31 Employers
32 Gnawing animal
33 Arabian commander
34 Satiate
37 Assumed an attitude
40 Part of a palm stem (variant)
42 Wading bird
43 The thigh bone
45 A tatter
47 Noticed
49 Vigor
51 Occidental
53 Fur-bearing animal
55 Is obligated
56 Prefix: partly
57 Scorches
59 Relinquish
61 Melody
62 Woman's name
65 To contend
67 Seasonably
70 To mar
71 Scissors
72 Father (French)
75 Loop with running knot
76 Title of respect
77 Hires
79 Crippled
81 Ocean
82 Swine
83 Kind of bed
84 Digit
86 Period
87 A Chinese sauce
90 A note of the scale
92 A pronoun

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"Moist-Throat" Method Stops COUGHS quicker



● When you catch cold, thousands of moisture glands in the throat and windpipe dry or clog. Sticky phlegm irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out natural moisture. Phlegm loosens. Your throat is soothed. Then—quick relief!

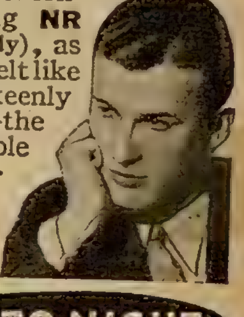
Pertussin, by the "moist-throat" method, checks coughs *safely.*

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in 1 year, according to the Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Buy a bottle!

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective — works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.



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. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE. . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

Vox Pop

Call to Arms for Young Rebels

HOLLIS, N. Y.—It was with great pleasure that I read in December 14 Vox Pop the letter signed by one of the twenty million unemployed youths, and Vox Pop editor's footnote inviting suggestions.

There is no doubt in my mind that in order to receive recognition from our government and business men, and to take an active part in world affairs, we will have to unite this tremendous army of twenty million and make a showing of our potential strength. And here's how to do it:

Let's call ourselves the National Youths' Lobby, the Young Rebels, or some other spectacular name, and on March 1, 1936, at 3 P. M., have the youth of the United States appear in front of his or her town or city hall.

Officers could be elected temporarily along these tentative lines: In small towns and villages, where people are known to one another, a committee could be appointed to nominate candidates; and in larger cities, where this meeting would be just a vast crowd, the leaders of the demonstration could act as temporary officers to whip it into shape. From these various local officers of town and city there could be elected the state officers; from this group the permanent national group could be elected, and they would have the power to bargain for and demand things which we term within our rights.

If we unite into a National Youths' Lobby, we can control and benefit not only the United States but, indirectly, the whole world, by setting an example for the youth of the world to follow. There is no reason why we cannot get this movement going strong inside of a month if every one puts his or her shoulder to the wheel. Remember, we are young and vigorous; we are not like the old fossils who brought this mess upon us.

Remember, twenty million American youths, you are about the only young people in the world who don't take an active part in the affairs of your nation. Glance at any paper and you will read what the student bodies and youth movements of other countries are doing.

Remember the day (March 1, 1936), in front of your city hall at 3 P. M. So spread the word and get all your friends out!

Let's get going! I'm sure Liberty will help out from time to time with a little space—so watch this page for further information!—*W. H. (One of the Twenty Million).*

SEND ALL ITALIANS BACK?

EBENSBURG, PA.—Eddie Prince writes an asinine letter in December 14 Vox Pop in which he states that a good way to end the Ethiopian war would be to send all Italians back to Italy.

I wish to know this: Does he include all the World War veterans, with their sisters, mothers, and sons? All the old workmen who gave the best part of their lives on the railroads, in mines and steel mills of the nation, and helped to make it the industrial giant that it is? Also would he include the little blind Italian boy who earns his living by selling me my Liberty every week?

Such logic and such a solution to an economic condition calls for a monument to Mr. Prince larger than Washington's. —*T. Buffoni.*

NAVY LIKES BERT GREEN

U. S. S. WRIGHT—I think a story by Bert Green is a bull's-eye. Fellows on the ship here think that guy Green is the best writer you people have got.

We get sick of so much of the baloney about the French Foreign Legion—maybe those guys that write those yarns have been in the Legion, but after spending a cruise down off northern Africa I'd say the nearest most of those writers got to the Legion was in a pipe dream.

However, your magazine is widely read in the navy and much enjoyed. Why don't you give us a story a week by this fellow Green?—*M. Rose.*

"I THANK GOD FOR MY ENEMIES!"

MOUNT CRAWFORD, VA.—The elder Teddy Roosevelt is said to have once remarked: "I thank God for my enemies." May I not commend this thought to Bernarr Macfadden?

If the Republicans want to prove that they are still the followers of Lincoln, let them rally around the Macfadden standard and rebuke the enslavers of the people.

Should the Republicans become so far salvaged as to nominate Mr. Macfadden, the world will know that there are two parties of the people in the land of Abraham Lincoln, and that all of the people cannot be fooled even for part of the time.

Bernarr Macfadden appeals to all thinking men and women as the best man for the Republican nomination for President who has been mentioned up to this time.—*Crawford H.*

CANDY KID LIEUTENANT

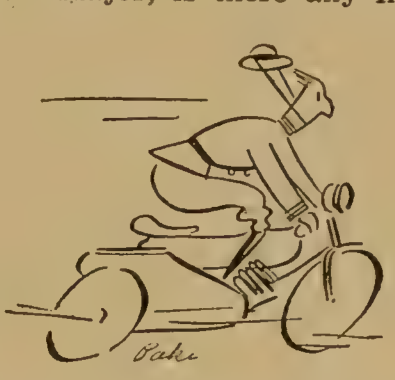
BRENTWOOD HEIGHTS, CALIF.—We had a second lieutenant in our outfit in France whom the soldiers generally disliked. He was the strutting, swaggering type, hard to get along with.

Quite the opposite, our major was one of the finest officers to cross the Atlantic. Having served long years before in the regular army in China and other far-off lands, he knew and understood men. He, too, didn't cherish much deep respect for the lieutenant—not because he was a ninety-day wonder with highly polished fingernails and a little auburn mustache, but just on general principles.

The lieutenant seemed to feel that without his presence success would never come to the Allies. When barking out his commands, he did his utmost to inspire with fear those below him in rank, being especially severe with the shrinking buck privates. The while the major eyed him with disdain.

And now, how the lieutenant tumbled from his ivory tower!

Before going to a city on a few days' pass, he strode out before the assembled company, and in a raucous voice shouted: "Major, is there any important and serious business you want me to transact for you while in the city?"



The gentle major calmly replied: "Bring me back a bag of candy."

"All together now, boys!" Loud laughter swelled in the breeze and echoed in the distant hills. The lieutenant hurried away on his motorcycle, never once gazing back over his shoulder strap. Joy was unconfined. The sorrows of sleeping in the mud at Brest and climbing the hill to Napoleon barracks were forgotten. For a title had been born.

Even though a great deal of water has passed under the bridge and the World War veteran's locks have turned to silver and his waistline is somewhat enlarged, he is still known as the "Candy Kid."—*George C. Whetstone.*

[Now, vets, what yarn have you to tie this one? Let's have it!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

RIBALD, RISQUE, PROFANE

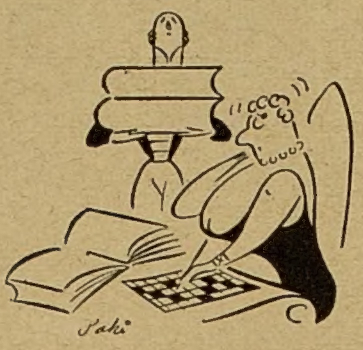
WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—H. C. Hamilton is right when he says "too many magazines smell to high heaven of something abominable" (December 21 Vox Pop).

Desperate, continuous, and studied efforts to be ribald, risqué, and profane keep me from buying Liberty. I recommend that you give it a bath in carbolic acid, then quicklime before applying Mr. Hamilton's "sweet attar."—*E. Van Deventer.*

WHY BRAG, MODEST LADY?

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO—You are lowering the tone of your magazine by some of the letters you print. Too many vicious personal knocks. Why not some helpful constructive criticisms? Why print anything like Tennesseeans Are Smart (December 28 Vox Pop)?

To one who works out your puzzles alone in an hour sometimes, and never regarded it as much to brag about, the idea of three people taking a day for it is queer news. I would suggest that this modest lady correspondent acquire a dictionary and look up these words: egotism, braggadocio, and ostentation.—*Mrs. J. E. Roberts.*



POLITICAL PURITY—BAH!

BOISE CITY, IDA.—Plans for a New Society of the Cincinnati, or a new political party of righteousness, have been talked about for a long time. But such a political purification will, by its very qualifications, actually disqualify itself.

Paradoxical and true. The moment you eliminate the politician you eliminate interest. Politicians owe their popularity to the fact that they are unpopular. I'll explain:

We really enjoy ourselves when we yell, " Kill the umpire! " Now, stop and think. What would the great game of baseball be without the umpires? In this great game the supposedly unpopular fellows run it. Politics is another great game and the supposedly unpopular fellows run it!

As to any rebirth of idealism, what, pray tell me, is spectacular or interesting about candidates whose only qualifications are honesty, education, and integrity?

Political affairs are bad enough, but why further complicate the situation by putting amateurs in charge! —*John Bacon Douglas.*

BRITISH BLUFF?

LONDON, ENG.—I don't know what the general impression is in the United States, but my impression is simply that England is putting up a grand and glorious bluff to try and protect Abyssinia as much as possible, owing to the lake that is feeding the Nile and also supplying a tremendous amount of power for British interests. Further than that no one knows to what extent British financial interests are in Abyssinia.

The Daily Mail, which has a circulation of 2,000,000, has pointed out continually that Italy is doing no different from what England has done on numerous occasions when building up her Empire. Of course, if you mention this to an Englishman, his immediate retort is that " times have changed since then, and what was right in those days can no longer be considered right today."

This may be true; but I don't blame Italy for wishing to take possession of Abyssinia once and for all, because they have without a doubt withstood the loss of many lives due to border fighting.—*J. E. W.*

"OUR FOREIGN CHARITY WARDS—SEND THEM HOME!"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial in December 28 Liberty, Our Foreign Charity Wards—Send Them Home! impressed me so greatly that I sent a copy to the President.

He is 100 per cent right, and if our politicians were patriots instead of merely politicians they would do something about the conditions that Bernarr Macfadden points out so forcefully.—*S. F. Haxton.*

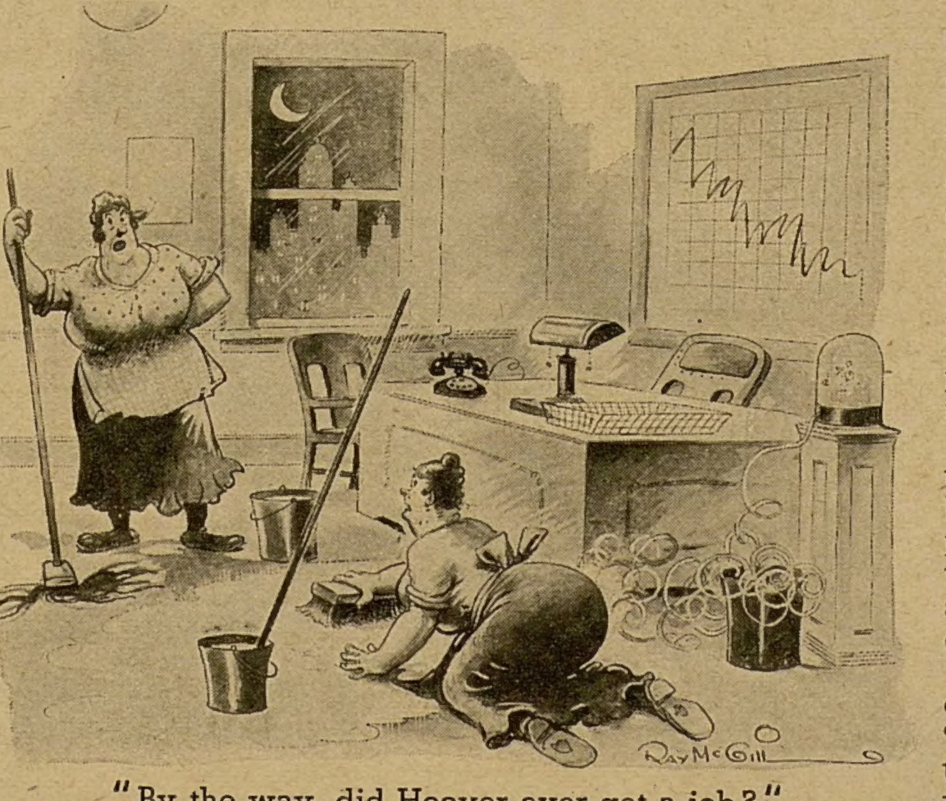
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I would like to say that for shortsightedness Mr. Macfadden's editorial of December 28 takes the cake.

Does Mr. Macfadden not know that the alien is the sacred white elephant of the so-called American employer? If he does not know this, I would advise him to go to any relief depot and see who gets help first.

Does he not know that the policy of industry has always been to help the alien retard the American?

If Mr. Macfadden does not know this he must have been asleep for the last forty years.

Let him read the Congressional Record and see who it was that opposed all restriction on immigration. — *George Wilson.*



"By the way, did Hoover ever get a job?"

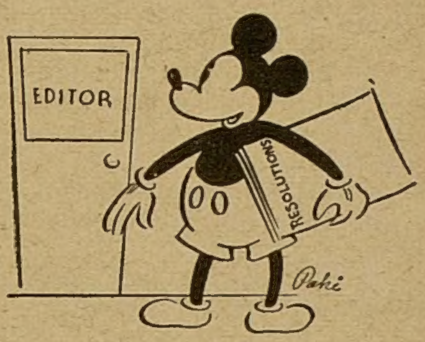
JOHNNY REB ANSWERS DAMN YANKEE

MEMPHIS, TENN.—A Damn Yankee (December 28 Vox Pop) from Goodland, Kansas, the state that spewed forth the infamous John Brown, has the temerity to suggest Southerners be more polite to him and his kind.

What is wrong with him? Is he peeved because we didn't receive him and his carpetbagging lot with open arms? As for brain cells, I'll match the South against any other section, past or present, in the country.—*Johnny Reb.*

THE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS OF MICKEY MOUSE

NORFOLK, VA.—Of all things to put in one of America's leading magazines, Shirley Temple's New Year's Resolutions! If I were the editor I'd hide my face in shame. I didn't know that Liberty was a kiddie magazine. Why not try Mickey Mouse next time?—*Jimmie Marable.*



[Walt Disney sent us the following wire:
" Mickey's New Year Resolution: Resolved: To hear no evil, see no evil, and ignore Donald Duck. To do unto Donald Duck as he would that he had did unto me. To donate Donald Duck to the Ethiopian Red Cross. To kill Donald Duck with kindness, and to induce Minnie and all my friends to do likewise. And Happy New Year to Liberty."]

OBJECTS TO JIM BLAKE'S CADAVER

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I must object, on technical grounds, to Jim Blake's method of disposing of his spurious self in The President's Mystery Story (December 7 Liberty).

The most stupid of rural coroners could not have failed to notice that the body found in Blake's burned car had already been embalmed—all bodies are embalmed before being released to medical schools, relatives, or any one else—and would have deduced, obviously, that some sort of phenagling was going on in that " accident."

The author's mistake in this important detail cannot be excused on the plea of poetic license, because the whole plot is based on the accomplishment of a *perfect* disappearance.

Sorry if this seems like quibbling. But then, the " perfect crime " *is* difficult to plan and carry out, as a rule.—*E. F. Ducey, M. D.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

QUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR— Standing majestically in a den of lions, Pasquali, a poet, recited a long poem dedicated to the women of Ecuador before a spellbound audience at a circus.

ELAND, WIS.— Wallace Stutkoski, railroad employee, ate sixty-three raw eggs in twenty minutes when they were found cracked in shipment. He stated that the railroad Book of Rules directs every employee to salvage as much as possible anything injured in transportation.

AUSTIN, TEX.— Senator John S. Redditt told about an incident that occurred when he was governor for a day. The father-in-law of a convict requested a ninety-day furlough for the inmate. Asked why he wanted it, the father-in-law explained that the convict's wife was expecting an addition to the family in about thirty days.

This seemed a sufficient reason until he was asked how long the prisoner had been in jail.

"Two years," was the answer.

The furlough was not granted.

CANTON, N. Y.— Sunday breakfast in bed will be the latest luxury for coeds of St. Lawrence University. Dean Louise Jones announced the new policy with the assertion:

"It's a little luxury at the end of the week that I think every woman is entitled to."

OSSINING, N. Y.— The authorities have barred the pole vault from track athletics at Sing Sing.

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Lucky Omens

It is not a good omen to spill salt, but to spill sugar presages good fortune.

To touch a hunchback is good luck for that day.

When your nose itches, you will shortly meet some one who'll please you.

To stumble or fall without hurting yourself is a promise of good news before long.

—Roy L. McCardell.

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NEW DEAL ALMANAC

He who laughs last, lasts longest.
—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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COVER BY R. A. CAMERON

RACE TRACKS:

A BILLION-DOLLAR RACKET

WITH MURDER ON THE SIDE

Here is a sensational expose of the race-track racket that will astound and arouse you with the facts it unearths and the inferences it makes inescapable! Who gets the money that race-track patrons lose? Is there any chance for the public to win? What is the simple and direct way to preserve "the sport of kings" without the racketeering? Read this smashing article in Liberty next week and learn the answers!

DOUBLE INDEMNITY

Don't miss the exciting episodes in the first chapters of this strong new novel of crime and punishment by James M. Cain, author of The Postman Always Rings Twice. Also: PORTRAIT OF CAMILLE by Rita Weiman; GENTLEMEN, THE KING! by E. W. Chess; GOOD GIRLS NEED SOMETHING ELSE by Alma Talley; and a wealth of other fact, fiction, and features.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

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FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

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The school plant comprises ten modern buildings of brick and stone, set on a campus of 225 acres in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains. The latest addition is a large indoor swimming pool, 30x75, covered with a vita-glass roof. Athletic fields, tennis courts, gymnasium are units of a complete athletic plant. The athletic teams have won national recognition. **Every boy participates in some sport every day.**

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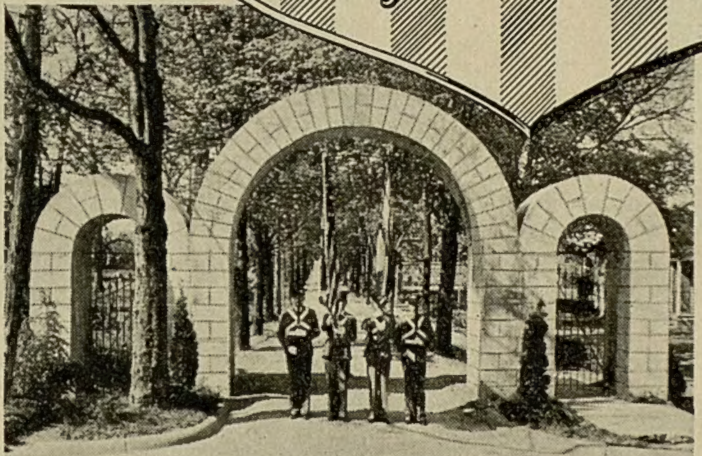

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